JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1952

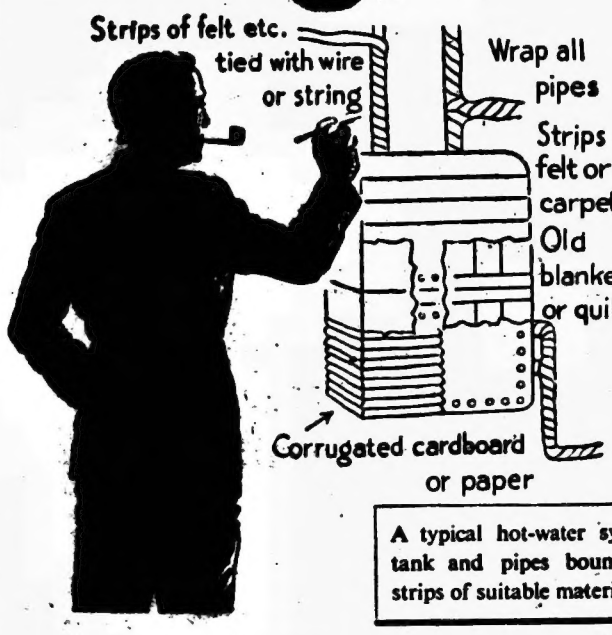
3D EVERY THURSDAY

NO CIVIL AIR WAR By The Editor

THE BIGGEST THING YET! By Swaffer

CAN WE FINISH IT QUICKLY? By A.G.G.

Save FUEL FOR BATTLE!


Strips of felt etc. tied with wire or string
Wrap all pipes
Strips of felt or old carpet
Old blankets or quilts
Corrugated cardboard or paper

A typical hot-water system showing tank and pipes bound round with strips of suitable materials.

Lag pipes . . . You may think "lagging" is a long and complicated job, but it is really very simple. It does not matter if you have none of the materials shown in the above diagram.

Anything which has been used for keeping heat in the body will also serve to keep heat in your tank and pipes. Those old woollen socks, for instance, which are really past darning, can be cut down the middle and bound round the pipes with string or wire.

Lagging prevents the cold air cooling the water, so that it keeps hot much longer; and *you use much less fuel.* Your airing cupboard will be just as useful after the tank has been lagged. Remember also that lagging exposed cold-water pipes helps to prevent freezing.

In many domestic hot-water systems 40% of fuel can be saved by careful lagging.

Fuel Watcher

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

EVERYBODY needs the strength of BOVRIL

Bovril stimulates the digestive process on which vitality and health depend. Dishes prepared with Bovril are tastier too, for Bovril gives the flavour of prime lean beef. Although the war has changed many familiar things, the high quality of Bovril remains the same. In 1 oz., 2 oz., 4 oz., & 8 oz. bottles.

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

makes every meal go further

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. *Your* dog will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with Bob Martin's —'one a day.'

In packets, 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

FOOD FACTS

Your family will love these

DELICIOUS EGG DISHES

They'll swear you used fresh new-laid eggs!

Here are some grand ideas for recipes made with eggs!

Don't forget that eggs are a protein food like meat and fish. And dried eggs have exactly the same nutritional value as shell eggs; they're whole, new-laid eggs with only the shell and water removed. What's more, you'll find these dishes will taste exactly as if you'd used shell eggs—every bit as delicious! Just make them for the family and see!

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE

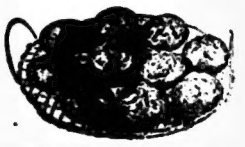
1 knob of fat; 1 lb. sausages; 1 dried egg (dry); 4 oz. flour; salt; ½ pint milk and water mixed.

Melt fat in a tin, put in sausages, and return to oven. Mix together egg, flour and salt, add sufficient of the milk and water to make a stiff batter. Beat well, then add rest of liquid. Pour batter over sausages, and cook in a brisk oven for about 30 minutes.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

3 tablespoons jam; 2 oz. fat; 1½-2 oz. sugar; 1 dried egg (dry); 4 oz. flour; 1 level teaspoon baking powder; a little milk and water mixed.

Grease 6 small moulds and put ½ tablespoon jam in each. Cream fat, sugar, and egg; add flour and baking powder. Mix to soft consistency with milk and water. Fill moulds three-quarters full with mixture, and steam for 45 minutes or bake for 20-30 minutes in moderate oven.



CHOCOLATE COOKIES

2 oz. fat; 2 oz sugar; 1 dried egg (dry); 4 oz. flour; pinch salt; 1 level teaspoon baking powder; 1 level tablespoon cocoa; a little milk and water; few drops of vanilla essence.

Cream the fat, egg, and sugar. Add flour mixed with baking powder, salt and cocoa. Mix to soft consistency with milk and water. Put into greased patty pans and bake in moderate oven for 15-20 minutes.

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them

You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per ration book every four weeks

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY TO FRIDAY AT 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 174

We told you!

WE TOLD YOU!

Pull out the wall plug, we said. ***Switch off,*** we said. Our little book ***"Keep It Going"*** is meant to help the ordinary listener to take ordinary care of his set, and even do minor repairs. But it won't make a wireless engineer of you so please be careful. The price is 6d. per copy and you can get it from all

MURPHY DEALERS

If you are quite unable to find a Murphy Dealer, as a last resort write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C. R. CASSON 140

FAMEL

conquers

COUGHS

Don't neglect that cough. The supply position of Famel Syrup is not too bad this season. Regular users who *can't get on without it* should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the winter.

FAMEL SYRUP

Brand

DIPHTHERIA

IS DEADLY-

Immunisation is the safeguard. Apply at once to your Council Offices, School or Welfare Centre —treatment is free.

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FACTS ABOUT DIPHTHERIA

Even the best-cared-for child can get Diphtheria—it is not due to dirt or drains—and there are no "safe" areas. Diphtheria is one of the worst dangers to children. It is particularly deadly to children under six years of age. Even when not fatal, it may leave ill effects which last a lifetime.

FACTS ABOUT IMMUNISATION

It is SAFE and simple. If an immunised child gets Diphtheria it is usually in a mild form. Immunisation gives almost certain protection against death from Diphtheria. Only two treatments are necessary. The best time is soon after the first birthday. Protection takes three months to develop so get your child treated NOW—it is dangerous to delay.

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

D7a/1s

Look for my name in your Service Footwear..

says John White

I am at present engaged in producing millions of pairs of Service Footwear for our armed forces. But my post-war plans are being made for a Footwear Service, new in conception and extent, that will far surpass anything known before the war. So, for his own sake, I want the service man to remember 'John White' the maker and the brand name 'IMPREGNABLE.'

JOHN WHITE

Impregnable

FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE (*Impregnable Boots*) LTD., HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 13, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

LAX TAX

● **It isn't right that the poor man should pay for the rich man's entertainment.**

Yet that happens in the world of wireless.

Better-off people use mains sets which may cost hundreds of guineas.

All they have to pay is 10s. a year, of which, because the Treasury can give the B.B.C. anything necessary to maintain an efficient service, the State now keeps less than 1s. a year, or under a farthing a week.

The poor man who uses a battery set—either because he lives in a small house without electricity or can't afford a mains set—pays that as well.

But he also pays 33⅓ per cent. purchase tax on every high tension, grid bias, or other battery he uses.

A wireless dealer tells us that many have to pay £1 5s. for a high tension battery alone, and they are lucky if, with full use, it lasts two months.

Such people are paying the State from £2 to £2 10s. a year—or fifty times as much as their more fortunate brothers.

While there is no purchase tax on mains electricity, there should be none on the batteries required for wireless listening.

Parliament has admitted that to tax news or information would be the negation of democracy.

To tax the news or information for the poorer man only is something more despicable.

Straight from the Shoulder

MAKE THEM CRACK

THE next few months will be the most vital in our lifetime.

Despite the rosy rumours now popular, it is not likely that Germany will sink to her knees without a violent push from the Anglo-American forces.

But it is more than likely that the joint Anglo-American-Soviet blows now being prepared will bring about her collapse before 1944 has grown old.

Fighting Well

We shall be disappointed only if we expect an easy victory.

Of course, the conditions in the Reich are grim! Of course, the German people are glum! But the fact that counts is just this:

The German armies are fighting as stolidly and as savagely as ever—even where they are being rolled back.

Tanks and Cossacks

Cleverly they have avoided several traps—though not all—in Russia. And they still have more than one defence line upon which to stand.

But the course of the battle suggests that the Germans are short of tanks.

Whereas Stalin has plenty of both tanks and Cossacks, and the latter are at their most effective in the autumn rains.

No Break

Up in the central sector, the first feathers of snow brush the cheek. They should chill the hearts of the Nazi High Command.

Especially as there will be no break this year between the Russians' autumn and winter offensives.

Going Slow

Nor will there be any respite for the enemy in Italy. It is true that Alexander's progress has been slow; bad country and exceptionally foul weather play havoc with sanguine time schedules.

We *might* have been in Rome a week ago; we must *hope* to be there by Christmas.

But two pieces of good news offer consolation.

King Victor Bombshell

Firstly, the Foggia air bases may soon be ready for us to ravage the arms plants of Germany's satellites.

Secondly, the political developments of the last few days promise a return of real democracy and enlightened leadership to the Italian people.

Ready to Go

Assuredly, both political and military events are being anxiously watched by Hitler's trembling allies in Central Europe.

It is significant that Hungary is withdrawing her troops from the Eastern Front and Rumania is trying to disown the territory she stole from Russia. And there are other pointers to the Balkans' expectations of an Anglo-American invasion.

Will it be synchronised with a Russian drive from the north so as to grip the Balkans in the mightiest of all pincer movements?

Turkey's Place

Turkey's attitude to such questions should soon become clear. Certainly we should find her British-built airfields very useful; possibly she will be an active partner in the war before the end of the year.

Western Front?

Meanwhile, German reports affirm once more that great forces are assembling on Britain's southern shores, that landing craft of new designs have been observed, and so on.

Certainly there are large Anglo-American forces stationed in Britain. And still more U.S. troops have recently arrived, so that in Central London nowadays every other man seems to be an American sergeant.

Stalin Pleased

Paris radio even suggests a landing in France during the next few days. Such predictions are designed to elicit information; Goebbels will have to be satisfied with Stalin's confident, forthright announcement that "Victory is in sight, and the opening of a real Second Front in Europe is not far off."

Not the Limit

There could be no better preparation for it than the air offensive, already so terrific that the enemy may be tempted to regard it as having reached the full limit of intensity.

Daylight attack by a thousand American 'planes. Kassel's arms industries utterly destroyed by night; Dusseldorf and Cologne ruined.

Yet our attacks will grow ever-heavier until, as Air Marshal Harris promises, Germany's ninety war production centres will be wiped out.

Russia, Too?

The Germans may well wonder whether Russia will provide new bases for Flying Fortresses. And we may wonder whether Russia herself will not join in the aerial campaign against the Nazi war industry when circumstances permit

Certainly the *Luftwaffe* must be given no chance to close the gaps in its ranks. JOHN BULL's recent warning to this effect has been justified by the appearance of the new Ju. 188, which is said to be as fast as our own all-wood Mosquito.

● **£80,000 has already been paid to "John Bull" readers under our Free Air Raid Insurance—underwritten at Lloyd's.**

● *Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

It's Impressive

However, the enemy will find—if indeed he is not already finding—that British ingenuity can produce improvements both in offensive and defensive measures.

As for production, American output last month was 8,362 aircraft. Our own production is bigger than Germany's—which is suffering badly from our air attacks.

Ship Movements

At sea, also, the last month has been kind to us, though obviously we dare not relax our efforts against the U-boat.

Our naval position has so improved that, according to the enemy, twenty-seven Allied warships have left the Mediterranean for the Indian Ocean; our naval strength in the Far East must now be immense.

Bringing Them Down

Japanese naval losses mount steadily. The Rabaul base has been swept clean of Japanese 'planes—226 of them were brought down in a single week

Our strength is poised for an effort to bring low far more important props of the enemy's gimcrack empire; Tokio's spokesmen hint at Allied plans for Burma, the Andaman Islands, and the S.W. Pacific.

Very soon the Far East should provide headlines for our newspapers.

China's Claims

Not only will China receive ever-growing assistance in her long struggle against the Japanese hordes. The Moscow Conference recognised her claim to collaborate in world reconstruction when peace has been restored.

That will fulfil one of President Roosevelt's cherished aims. It should also give satisfaction to every Briton.

Goodbye, Amgot

Other facets of political and economic policy must be examined in a new light following the diplomatic triumph in Moscow. For one thing, AMGOT might suffer eclipse.

Its functions in Italy might gradually be taken over by a broader organisation, and it may not be perpetuated in other liberated countries.

Transition

The idea; in short, is to give much more effective direction and help to the liberated countries in their transition from war to settled peace.

It is this period of transition that presents the greatest difficulties and demands the wisest counsels; to restore a country's industries, to feed and clothe its people, are, more important than the redrawing of its frontiers.

Plans for Prosperity

Our own Government is working busily on a master-plan for a new Britain—that master-plan for which JOHN BULL has asked year in and year out

It is said to include everything from Beveridge to a fair share of export markets; perhaps Mr. Churchill will be able to tell us more about it early in the New Year, after he has reshuffled his Government.

Housing to the Fore

Certainly there is evidence of a new spirit among our Ministers. They are even showing awareness of the importance of decent housing and are becoming quite eloquent in their advice to local authorities to start planning for the future

But, of course, wise local councils have already made their plans, and therefore do not need the advice. What they urgently require is sufficient power to carry out their intentions. We hope this will be Whitehall's next discovery.

It's Urgent

Incidentally, before we start building new houses it would be as well to make weatherproof all those bomb-damaged houses that are still windowless.

Why have so many of them been left without repairs for one, two or even three years? Should they not be made habitable before another winter begins?

Tory Revolt

Such affairs are surely more important than the minor point of the businessman's vote by which the Government nearly suffered a defeat last week. Die-hard Conservatives have yet to learn that the public has a better appreciation than they have of important political issues.

Or are they incapable of understanding that what matters is not their own selfish privilege, but to shorten the war by every means possible and to plan a new world for the many rather than the few?

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHY, in all the talk about planning the post-war world, is the subject of marriage and families being so grievously neglected?

Everyone chatters glibly about the war breaking up homes; everyone who faces facts knows that the free mixing of women and men in industry has brought tremendous, terrifying problems.

Marriage Mix-up

Members of the Marriage Guidance Council are helping to solve those problems. They held a meeting last week. The Bishop of London spoke. So did one of the greatest living medical men—Lord Horder. But no one seemed to take any notice. A few lines in the newspapers recorded the fact that the organisation, suspended on the outbreak of war, had resumed.

Lord Horder spoke

A campaign is to be started to emphasise the vital importance of the family unit as the basis of community life. What's more, provincial advice centres are to be opened like the one in London, where specialists in medicine, law and psychology are ready to tackle marriage problems.

Too Much Prattle

The Marriage Guidance Council—and Lord Horder's professional opinion about the effect of parents' happiness on the health of their children—deserve as much attention as any of the post-war problems about which the politicians prattle.

Second to happy homes is the need for healthy houses. Listen to the experience of a Paignton woman, happily married until the war took her husband away. . . .

Shut Out

Before he went down with his ship in the Far East they rented a furnished house—because their Plymouth home had been bombed. The woman's allowance was cut down to a small pension and she had to look for somewhere else to live.

An unfurnished flat was the only possibility. She tried all over the Paignton and Torquay area. But everywhere doors were closed to her—*because she had two children.*

That's another wartime feather in Torquay's cap.

Travelled Far—

Broken homes, separation and wartime worries have brought a fresh outbreak of fortune-telling. A woman colleague went to a little back-street house in a Lancashire town the other day.

A man at the door was turning people away. Inside, the front room was filled with women and some had come from as far away as Bolton and Manchester.

—For Nothing

For a shilling they were told a few things they knew already. The fortune-teller had won a reputation by skilful questions and a bit of guess-work.

There isn't a crystal or a card reading under the sun that's worth a shilling.

War Paint

More than a shilling, unfortunately, was involved recently when the Princess Royal visited a Royal Army Ordnance Corps Depôt.

Before she came, the men were told to stop their essential jobs. Some had to paint the walls. Others had to see the fire buckets were painted red outside and white inside. The N.C.O.s, detailed to form a guard of honour, even had some special paint on their stripes.

All this wasn't the fault of the Princess Royal. We've no doubt she would have preferred to see the men getting on with the war in their normal way.

Plenty of Foremen

The Royal visit involved a waste of man-power that won't happen often. But a reader in the West-country complains of wastage that seems likely to last.

At the small factory where he's employed there are thirteen workers and three foremen. There's so much spare labour that a couple of men were recently sent off to do a private job for one of the foremen in the firm's time.

The factory is only engaged on work for the Navy.

Learning Again

The Navy lost the services of two men there. But they're getting their own back up in Yorkshire—through the Ministry of Labour again.

The son of a Castleford reader left a good job and volunteered for the mines. He'd been working for two months as assistant surveyor and had passed examinations qualifying him for work underground.

Then, after badgering and sneers from the Employment Exchange, he was called up to learn to be a sailor.

Sent North

And there's the case of a Scottish married couple who came to London. The husband had a day job, the wife taught three nights a week at an evening institute.

He has been directed to work in Manchester and his wife has had to give up her job because there's no one to look after their five-year-old child. So, through the skill of the Labour people, a specialist teacher is being wasted. Would it have been quite impossible to find an essential job for the husband in the whole of London?

Misdirection?

Though we've got about as much direction as we can stand, it's tolerable so long as there's reason behind it. A Bradford man, a baker in a small way, is wondering where the reason lies.

He's been directed to give up his own work and take on a job for a multiple firm in the neighbourhood. They're bakers. He doesn't mind going into the Forces, but instead he's got to give up his eleven-year-old business and go to work for one of his rivals.

Pure Reason

We've asked the Ministry of Home Security to answer so many questions about their fire-watching mess-up—and got so few replies—that we can't expect them to solve this problem.

A week or so ago enemy aliens in London were ordered to register for fire guard duties. Many of them went, and were told they couldn't register. Because they were subject to the Curfew Restrictions.

To escape the curfew they have to volunteer for fire-watching. So, if you're an alien, you have to volunteer to be conscripted.

Oh, dear!

Getting Fit

The local fireguard authorities like their pound of flesh. Why was it that a man recently had to go to court to explain that he could not go on duty because he was waiting for a hospital bed as he was to have an operation?

And why, in the name of humanity, could he explain that he'd been ordered to have the operation to fit him for fire-watching?

Not So Funny

Instead of going to hospital this sick man might be allowed to go to a certain N.F.S. "college" we've been told about.

It's on the south coast and strikes local residents as a real health resort. The hardest part of the "fire-fighting" course is marching and saluting along the public highway..

Which amuses the troops in the area. But, considering the "college" costs a few hundreds a week, it's not really very funny.

Beheaded

Nor is it funny that good fish is being thrown away at places on the Suffolk coast. Daily the local fishermen are catching as much as a hundred stone of cod—and earning about £10 a man.

Headless cod, by Ministry of Food Order, is 8s. 6d. a stone. With the heads left on it's 6s. 4d. a stone. That's to reduce freights.

For the Seagulls

The fishermen are required by their wholesalers to supply the fish headless. At the ports, there are facilities for using the cods' heads for fertilisers or fish-cakes.

But not at many places on the Suffolk coast. The other day, three or four hundred cods' heads were left on the beach—for the seagulls if they could eat them before they were washed back into the sea.

A fisherman told one of our reporters: "We lose if we leave the heads on. We know we're throwing good food away, but what else can we do?"

Their Penalty

Even with waste like this there's apparently enough fish for some people to get more than their share. Ministry of Food officials are quickly on their track but the penalties are often very light.

A Dartmouth hotel, summoned for buying 92½ lb. more fish than it was allowed, has been fined five shillings.

Deferred Pay

Staffs at local Ministry of Food offices were, until a fortnight ago, paid on Fridays like nearly everyone else.

But some bureaucrats, with nothing better to do, decided the employees were getting their wages before they were due.

Now Whitehall has issued an edict that Saturday is pay-day. But (charming liberality!) people can still draw money on Friday—provided they forego one day's pay.

Sybil Thorndike

The Commons debate on the Indian food situation was no more reassuring than we'd expected. Spokesmen tried hard to make out that people were dying through a famine caused by economic and natural conditions. But they couldn't hide the fact, as the *Times* put it, that there have been grave defects in the machinery of the Indian Government.

She had a winning idea

Most speakers agreed that it was better to get something done rather than attach blame to those who had been doing nothing. But the most sensible comment didn't come last week from an M.P. at all. It came from actress Sybil Thorndike. "If we send six food ships to India instead of carrying arms," she said, "I bet you those six ships will do more good than all the guns in the world." That's a safe bet.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Far-reaching changes in the German military command have been decided on during the recent emergency conferences at Hitler's H.Q.**
- **It is expected that the High Command has sent appeals to Generals Halder and von Bock to take over important sectors of the German front.**
- ***Baron Rheinbaben, Nazi Gestapo chief in Portugal, has been dismissed for failing to inform Hitler about the Portuguese-British Azores agreement in time.***
- **Reliable reports from Germany indicate that Mussolini's mental balance has been disturbed by his downfall. He is said to be under treatment by Hitler's own mental specialist, a well-known Viennese professor.**
- **Nazi gauleiters of Austria are touring the country in a frantic attempt to rally Nazi elements. Fuehrer plans to reaffirm Austria's links with Germany by a special plebiscite.**
- ***In Poland, German doctors and nurses rushed to the spot, are trying to prevent the spread of diseases which rage among exhausted, dirty and uncared-for German troops on the Russian front.***

- **Two powerful tugs arrived not long ago off the Welsh coast. They'd brought an old merchant ship of about six thousand tons from a port two or three hundred miles away.**

The merchantman was anchored and the tugs went off. Then the Coastal Artillery School got to work.

They were good. One of their first shells got a hit on the 6,000-tonner and down she went. So did a vast quantity of valuable scrap metal. Local residents had been reminded a day or two before that scrap was short because they'd had their railings taken away, and even the chains had been removed from the graves in a churchyard.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

NO CIVIL AIR WAR

NO outcome of the world war can be more certainly predicted than a vast and world-wide expansion of civil aviation.

With peace, we shall enter upon the real air age; we shall see the aeroplane converted from an engine of destruction into a magnificent instrument of transport.

But, unless the responsible statesmen of the United Nations take immediate steps to control the sky traffic of to-morrow, we shall also see a wild scramble for profits and a dangerous clash of rival nationalistic ambitions.

In this connection one of the best recent speeches in Parliament was that of Lord Beaverbrook when he announced complete agreement among British Commonwealth delegates upon the need for an international authority to control civil aviation.

No thoughtful person can honestly question the desirability of such control, for, without it, we can look forward to nothing but a war-breeding anarchy of competition in the skies.

From the international point of view we have Lord Beaverbrook's assurance that "we are ready to go forward at once to an international conference" with a complete and detailed plan—on paper—to submit to its judgment.

So far, so good. It needs to be remembered, of course, that the British and Commonwealth Governments are not yet committed to the conclusions provisionally reached by the Empire delegates.

And that the United States and Soviet Russia may not accept these conclusions in full even if we are willing to do so.

But the "tremendous success" of the Moscow Conference gives good reason to hope that the United Nations' unity in war will be maintained and fortified through the transition period from war to peace and far beyond it.

JOHN BULL is, therefore, satisfied that the responsible leaders of the free peoples *have* made up their minds to organise civil aviation after the war in the best interests of "the common man," and not in the furtherance of their individual and selfish ambitions.

Unfortunately, we are by no means so confident that a similar ideal will be pursued in our domestic aviation policy.

It is already obvious, for example, that British shipping interests hope to "cash in" on the forthcoming development of air transport.

Up to a point, we do not object to the aerial expansion of any existing transport agencies. Indeed, there is a strong case for developing existing facilities rather than creating an entirely new and separate organisation.

But the danger of making one form of transport nothing but the adjunct of another should be obvious to all unprejudiced students of this big problem.

•

FOR who can forget how the railways deliberately bought up and scrapped the canals?

Who can overlook the fact that, much more recently, they gained control of many road transport undertakings solely in order to protect their own interests?

We do not suggest that the coming and inevitable expansion of air traffic will have as big an effect upon the national transport system as did the coming of the railways.

For the aeroplane can never compete economically with the steamship or th steam engine when it comes to the long-distance haulage of heavy freight.

Nevertheless, if British aircraft designers are to be encouraged to provide better and cheaper air transport, and if civil aviation is to become not merely a convenience, but a factor in the preservation of world peace, *we must take a wide and courageous view of commercial flying as a national business proposition.*

We must make sure that Britain's air industry is operated by air-minded men, and not by the directors of railway and shipping companies, who cannot help putting their own interests before those of the general public.

JOHN BULL believes that the only way to deal with this problem effectively is to bring every kind of transport under the control of a single Ministry.

We urge the formation of a Ministry of Communications, in which each department would be directed by experts, and the entire scheme of national transport—by air and sea, by rail and road, by coastwise shipping and inland waterways—would be co-ordinated to avoid waste and eliminate useless competition.

Obviously, the broad policy of a new Ministry of this kind would have to conform to such international agreements as may shortly be concluded.

Its domestic policy, on the other hand, would be determined absolutely by considerations of public welfare; its paramount duty would be to supply the country with the best and cheapest transport of all kinds and for all purposes.

We are not prepared at this stage to advocate the complete nationalisation of all forms of transport. This is a development which may, or may not, become desirable in future years.

What must be avoided at all costs is the unrestricted and cut-throat competition which brought this country, and most of the world with it, to the verge of ruin before the world-war started.

We notice, with considerable interest, that five British shipping companies in trade between Britain and South America have already agreed to form one separate company for the operation of a passenger air service over their common sea route after the war.

This may be a significant and a hopeful indication of a general business tendency to develop air transport on national, rather than purely individual, lines. It may herald a voluntary rationalisation of the transport industry.

Broadly speaking, and provided the man in the street be protected against any kind of monopolistic "squeeze," we are in favour of rationalisation.

When the war is over we shall be compelled to judge all commercial enterprises, including national ones, largely by their capacity to support themselves. For subsidies at their best are nothing but an economic expedient to meet a particular need.

But we do *not* want to see civil aviation pass under the control of any existing transport interest.

The future Ministry of Communications which we envisage would be staffed by men who have no personal interest whatever in sea, rail, road *or* air transport.

It would be able to call upon the services of disinterested experts in every branch of passenger and goods traffic.

And it would be empowered to eliminate wasteful competition of all kinds, and to limit profits to a reasonable maximum, which would always prevent profiteering.

WE are undoubtedly entering the air age, but it seems unlikely that air travel will ever be as cheap—except, perhaps, over short and busy routes—as travel by sea and rail, and the aeroplane will certainly never compete with the older forms of transport in the carriage of heavy goods.

Nevertheless, the progress of civilisation itself, not to speak of the commercial prosperity of our own people, must be bound up in future with the development of swift and economical communications between one country and another, and even between different places in the same country.

That is why we attach the utmost importance to early and complete preparations for the change over from peace to war; that is why we urge the Government to include the development of British air transport as a first priority in its post-war programme.

Private enterprise on both sides of the Atlantic is perfectly ready and willing to join in a free-for-all scramble for profits from the air.

The duty of the world's statesmen is to police the skies in the interests of "the common man," and to regulate the domestic air traffic for the benefit of the community and not for the advantage of any sectional interest.

Germany Has Created a Tower of Babel

I WONDER what prompted the archdrunkard Dr. Robert Ley, Hitler's Labour Leader, to reveal in a public speech that between 80 and 90 per cent. of the workers in German factories come from other countries?

Maybe it just slipped in, because he happened to be drunk again and did not realise what he was saying.

★ ★ ★

Maybe he only wanted to refer to certain industries or to some factories and, being unable to control his language, created the impression that the extraordinary percentage applied to the whole of German industry.

The statement is hardly credible: if only between 10 and 20 per cent. of the workers engaged in the Reich's war production were Germans and all the rest were foreign slaves (the proportion of foreign volunteers is infinitesimal), every second shell or bomb would be a dud and no pilot would dare take off in a plane whose engines would have been fitted by potential saboteurs.

My feeling is that what Dr. Ley really intended to say was that out of 100 *male* workers in German factories between 80 and 90 were foreigners.

This would make sense, because millions of women are employed in the German industry, while the number of male German workers deferred from military service has steadily dwindled in the past two years, even among the most skilled and essential specialists.

Some six months ago the total figure estimated gave alien manpower as between six and eight millions, excluding prisoners of war, who are largely employed in agriculture and forestry.

Now the latest reports speak of between ten and twelve millions.

★ ★ ★

Neutral eye-witnesses all agree that one hears more foreign than native tongues in Germany's industrial centres

And yet there does not seem to be so far widespread industrial sabotage in Germany, owing to the thoroughness of the Gestapo and the paralysing fear which the S.S. torturers and executioners still inspire among the workers—German and imported.

★ ★ ★

And in the occupied countries where all factories are being compelled to produce for the hated invaders, sabotage, though steadily increasing, has not yet reached a very large scale.

But it is clear that a war production which is based on such permanent terrorism and which has to rely on a fantastic percentage of forced labour is not sound.

It is bound to crack in some way or another: through strikes, sabotage, riots, and later in conjunction with the first signs of the collapse of German morale on the battlefields and at home.

Ten or twelve million foreign slaves will be, eventually, an impossible proposition even for Himmler.

Germany has become a huge Tower of Babel—but its foundation is packed with dynamite. Some day, perhaps soon, one spark will be enough to blow the whole edifice sky high.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Your enthusiasm and energy has speeded the adoption of the "pay-as-you-earn" system of income tax deduction that I have so long advocated.

This is a personal triumph. It is also a triumph of common sense over red tape.

The decent citizen has a healthy horror of getting into debt. The old method of tax deduction made it well-nigh impossible for the average weekly wage-earner to avoid at least the uneasy feeling that he was liable to run into arrears of payment.

Let us hope that this bloodless revolution has wiped out for all time the antiquated and stumbling system that caused confusion and worry to millions of us!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. DANIEL JONES,
Prof. of Phonetics, Univ. College, London

DEAR DOCTOR,—You say that if we adopted new spelling it would save at least one year of school for children. By playing on the vagaries of our English pronunciations you suggested that "fish" could be spelt "ghoti" or "ueyce."

Our language has evolved through many centuries. It has been enriched by many tongues.

It is as expressive and as eloquent as any other language; and its beauty is majestic and sonorous.

And if spelling has its seeming stupidities, well, let them stay. For spelling focuses attention on words, and attention to words leads to appreciation of the world of letters. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P.,
Bridgeton, Glasgow

DEAR MR. MAXTON,—No one regrets more than I that the champions of the Old Age Pensioners were unable, as they had hoped, to speak to M.P.s from the Bar of the House of Commons.

It is true that Parliament is busy; it is equally true that in these troublous times some reforms have, of necessity, to be shelved until bigger and more essential tasks are finished.

Yet the fact remains that the voices of more than 4,000,000 old people are voices crying in a wilderness of semi-poverty, hunger and despair.

They see around them all the costly luxury of a super-war; they see more money poured away in a fortnight than they receive in a year; and they cannot understand why the State refuses their request for 30s. a week pensions for all at sixty.

In the family age is honoured. In the State age, too often, is neglected. Yet the men and women who grow old have done their bit in building up the State. And that is only one aspect of the case drawn up on their behalf, and still to be laid before the House.

There is, however, still hope that the pensioners' leaders will get a hearing in the House at the next sitting.

If I know the energetic and persistent Member for Bridgeton, he will not rest content until his fellow M.P.s have heard, at first hand, the case for our old folks' demands.

Keep the old people's flag flying, Jimmy, and keep it flying high.

Don't let them strike their colours! —JOHN BULL.

Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD
British High Commissioner, Canada

DEAR SIR,—I am glad you stressed in a speech in London recently the growing importance of the Dominion of Canada.

Many of us Britons, reviewing the mighty effort of the United Nations, are apt to think in terms of Anglo-Soviet-American production and overlook the increasing power of the Dominions, especially Canada.

She has nearly half a million soldiers; 200,000 of her sons are in R.C.A.F. blue; her shipyards have turned out hundreds of vessels; and her munitions output for a nation of fewer than 12,000,000 people is staggering.

Without her food we would have had a lean time in these islands. Without the hundreds of thousands of vehicles, thousands of tanks and 'planes, scores of millions of shells and cartridges, the Allies could not have prosecuted the war so vigorously in the past twelve months.

Canada's place in the post-war world is assured. The links forged in the past four years will endure. And the way she helped us in our hour of need will go down in history as one of the greatest gestures in the annals of Empire.—JOHN BULL.

The Most Reverend WILLIAM TEMPLE,
Archbishop of Canterbury

YOUR GRACE,—Few people realise that the Church in its way is "Big Business," in more than one sense of the term.

Its first big business is to improve the spiritual outlook of the nation, to comfort men and women in times of trouble, and minister to the needs of the poor and the suffering.

The Church does not always make a success of this business. Its servants are not wholly to blame. There are hard, inelastic cores in some people—cores which will not respond to the warm humanities and the hand of fellowship.

Those are the people who make the work of the Church doubly hard and disappointing.

But so far as the second "big business"—finance — is concerned, the leaders of the Church must bear the entire blame for a most unsatisfactory position.

A move is afoot to merge the two organisations which manage the Church's income—the Ecclesiastical Commission and Queen Anne's Bounty. Between them these bodies handle £5,000,000.

Reorganisation on national lines of the Church's whole financial system is a reform not only overdue but imperative. If the Church proves itself capable of setting its own business house in order, it will be in a better position to get on with that other and more important business—the building of a Britain wherein the teachings of the Master are the constant guide to happiness.—JOHN BULL.

Sir GEORGE NELSON,
President, Federation of British Industries

DEAR SIR GEORGE,—I have studied many plans and conceptions of the Britain we should have after the war.

Some, based on reports by men like Beveridge and Uthwatt, on white papers similar to those on future education, and on speeches like those of Herbert Morrison, engender hope. Others don't.

Among the latter is your vision of a Britain ruled, controlled and directed by your Federation, which, as the central body of industry, would override a joint committee representing a voluntary association of individual trade associations.

You are assured from "inside knowledge" that private enterprise "will be able to offer steady employment to a maximum number of people for some years after the war."

A comforting picture that, Sir George. It will reassure anew those millions of men and women whose modest requirements are the right to work and live in decent surroundings and the right to have a say not only in the social life of the nation but in its industrial future.

The days of the big Moguls of industry riding roughshod over exploited workers are, I hope and believe, numbered.

The bid of powerful industrialists like yourself for post-war power will, must, fail. Otherwise all the toil and sacrifice of millions will have been in vain.—JOHN BULL.

In Search of the Stars

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

THIS writing bug is a terrible disease. Only the other day I met a girl, a film star, whose name is familiar to cinema-goers the world over. She has stormed the heights. She has success, money, fame. She has beauty and brains.

But she's not satisfied. *She wants to write.* Achievement in one cultural sphere of life is not enough. She is convinced that she can write. And, if my estimate of the *lady is right, she will* pester publishers and agents until the final disillusionment is borne home to her.

Writing, they say, is easy. Every man or woman, they say, has in the mind at least one book.

I agree. For every individual, given the gift of writing, could turn out a readable novel; an autobiographical work which, by virtue of its freshness and sincerity, would find a sale.

But the writing game is more than that. And this knowledge has put me in a quandary. A working man who believes in his literary ability has just sent me the typescript of his latest novel. He had already four, none of which has been published. He works, and writes savagely against odds.

He has faith in his star. In the covering letter he sent me, he said: "For the past eight years I have sacrificed almost every moment of my leisure time in a determined attempt to realise a life-long ambition. . . .

"No matter what the cost, I simply cannot give up now. I will win! I'm certain of it, that some day I will leave all my opponents, discouragements, failures, disappointments, knocked out on the field of great endeavour, and reach my goal triumphant!

"Oh, I know it is a hard and difficult road, but the bug is biting hard. I will follow my star to the end. Perhaps I have chosen the most difficult row to hoe in the garden of the arts, but writing is in my blood. I just cannot help it."

He asks me if I have a publisher in mind, and he tells me that I can be cruel, if I wish, in giving an opinion on the book.

I ask his forgiveness for telling you his story. But the setbacks he has suffered are so like the reverses that people face in other endeavours that I feel justified in using it.

But what shall I, can I, do? My first glance at the book suggests that my correspondent is no Kipling, Conrad or Hardy blushing unseen.

This, it seems, is a matter I shall have to argue out with myself.

Mrs. L. V. L. E. WHATELEY, C.B.E.,
Chief Controller and Director, A.T.S.

DEAR MADAM,—May I suggest that one of your first jobs on assuming control of your splendid force of women is to review the case of Pte. Ellen Jane Jones, of Battersea?

Pte. Jones stayed at home one day to wash the underclothes of her husband who was invalided from the Engineers with a paralysed right hand.

For being a wife and forgetting a short while her duties as a private, she has been sentenced to forfeit three days' pay.

Pte. Jones puts in nine hours a day duty. She looks after her husband in the morning and does her household work, shopping and cooking when she gets home at night. She must find the going hard.

I have read of your reputation as a disciplinarian. But I have also read that you are essentially fair.

Here, surely, is a case where you can turn a blind eye to King's Rules and Regulations and be governed by the spirit and not the letter of Army law.

You are a new broom, and you will doubtless sweep clean. But that's no reason why you should not sweep sweetly, too.—JOHN BULL.

Gold and a Good Ship Come Out of the Sea

By Commodore G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Japanese pilots return again and again to their objective until it has been demolished; yet sometimes the strangest targets elude the Mikado's men

I HAVE told you many a tale about our seamen defying Hitler, Death and the Devil when their ships were sunk under them.

Now, there are less and less ships being sunk. It is the U-boats that are going down.

So now I'm going to tell you about ships brought safely through. There are more of them these days, and there'll be more still.

More! We are even finding time to hoist up ships and cargoes out of Davy Jones' Locker, and bring *them* home. . . .

The man in charge was Captain J. P. Williams, Chief Commonwealth Salvage Officer. He controls a fleet of Australian tugs, and some of the most daredevil divers in the world.

Captain Williams is the man who raised nearly two and a half million pounds' worth of gold from the Niagara, when she was sunk off New Zealand in "hopeless" water.

Sitting Target

He has got a life-story that knocks all the sea fiction I have read into an admiral's cocked hat.

The news flashed through to Sydney that an enemy submarine had put a very important cargo under the Pacific waves. It was in an impossible place, more than 40 feet deep, which is unpleasantly deep when you know that enemy bombers are constantly passing overhead, and that a ship with a diver working below is a sitting target that cannot move.

A weird fleet set out on the 2,200-mile journey to the place where the bobbing buoys marked out the sunken ship.

This fleet was composed of squat tugs and other vessels carrying powerful derricks and winches for raising cargo, hauling off smashed debris, or raising sunken hulls.

The fleet had to fight its way, Japanese bombers spotted it, and made some determined attacks. They got rather better than they gave, and some flaming Mitsubishi wrecks were left littering the Pacific.

The site of the wreck was reached, and the salvage vessels took up position. Divers, led by Harry Pearson, one of the Commonwealth Salvage Board's most famous experts, went overside to inspect.

Work under Pressure

They carried weighted pneumatic drills and underwater cutters that would bite through steel plates and bulkheads and broken debris. The scene down there was illuminated by underwater torches, past whose greeny beams nightmare fishes and trailing weeds flitted and vanished.

The divers spoke to one another by a telephone line that ran through the ship above. Up there, an attendant listened and noted what they said, and received messages from one or another of them.

After a careful inspection the divers came up and gave detailed reports and proposals.

Then they went down again, and under Pearson's directions, got to work cutting away rubbish, making repairs, and shifting great masses of fallen cargo. Under huge pressure, facing unknown perils, they decided first of all that the cargo *could* be salvaged.

Presently, it began to go up. The job had to be done very quickly, because, up on the surface, they had seen a single Nakajima reconnaissance 'plane circling very high.

It had been attacked and winged, but not badly enough to bring it down, and it had raced away into cloud, taking with it photographs that would bring half the Mikado's Air Fleet that way before very long.

All that day men slaved, under water and above, not stopping for meals.

Pearson came up towards dusk, and checked over what had been rescued.

Cargo Safely Away

"We'll carry on," he said briefly, getting back into his helmet.

He and his men worked all through that night. The tugs had to use their searchlights to carry the work forward.

Almost the whole of the rest of the cargo came up that night.

The salvaged stuff sped away towards the Australian mainland. It got to port all right, and it played a vital part in General MacArthur's campaign in New Guinea a little later.

Far away in the Pacific, however, the sunken ship still had to be raised.

The Japanese bombers decided to take a hand in the game, and came over.

Not nearly all of them went back to base, and the ones that did weren't quite as good as new.

Salvage operations proceeded—according to the official Australian report.

The condition of the sunken hull was now accurately plotted.

Action stations aboard an armed tug; enemy aircraft receive a warm welcome

Williams, known in shipping circles in Australia as "Lucky," had his usual good fortune.

But extraordinary as our defence is, it is not possible to hold off determined air attacks from sitting targets for ever, especially if the Japanese happen to send their Seppuku Squadrons, who, failing all else, deliberately dive their bomb-loaded machines so as to crash on the deck of the target.

Williams and Pearson and the rest "trod on the gas," for they wanted to get on the move before all this came to pass.

Tense minutes passed. Here was one of the supreme tests of seamanship, for each vessel must move in unison—if one falters or makes an error, the wreck will go down again, probably with so much new damage that all hopes of salvage would vanish, and one or more of the salvage vessels might quite well be implicated in the disaster.

The tugs' pumps, some of which can cough out thousands of gallons of water a minute from the wreck's soused body, clatter and bang and wheeze.

Reluctantly, the sea gives up its dead to these maritime resurrectionists.

She is still stern-under—her bow is cocked up horribly. She is red and broken enough to make a seaman cry, and hung with pale, cockled weeds from far below that trail far out on the water.

But—she is up!

Men in sea-boots and woollen caps swarm into her tilted foredeck.

Tug and Tow

For a time, the salvaged ship is terribly dangerous. Everything aboard is desolate, dirty, incredibly unnatural, stinking of the watery grave that she has left.

But the tugs herd in round her, and the one whose job is to tow her home to port takes up its place impatiently.

The seamen look at each other and break into delighted chuckles. They can see themselves lying sunning on the Manly Beach, back in good old Sydney, talking this trip over with their pals, and as for the Mikado, he can go and fry himself in Fuji-Yama.

The fleet breaks up. The salvage ships have other work to do; they never rest.

The two ships make a pretty good bombing target when travelling at pedestrian speed over an open ocean, without sufficient defence.

So thought fifty-two Mitsubishi bombers, led by some of the striped Seppuku suicide 'planes, which presently sailed overhead.

They came down the 'chute one after another, engines screaming, and the bombs thundered and crashed, sending sky-high belches of water all round the two vessels.

Guns smacked and machine-guns rattled, and Lucky Williams swore as he watched his salvaged prize rolling horribly.

But the luck held.

Recommissioned

Again, the Yellow Airfleet was beaten off, and again it went home in disgrace.

But these Japanese are dogged little devils. They were not finished. They came back next morning for some more—forty bombers strong on this occasion.

But they did not sink the tug, and they did not sink the tow; they just sank a few more Rising Sun aeroplanes.

After thirty-seven days travelling at three knots across submarine-infested and bomber-shadowed seas, the tug and tow nosed importantly into a great Australian port.

Two thousand two hundred miles!

The salvaged ship is recommissioned today, and sailing the Pacific on her own. Some of these ghosts must give the U-boat commanders who sank them, and definitely saw them go under, a hell of a shock when, one day through the periscope, they see them still stolidly stumping across the wartime seas!

Bad News for the Ocean Man-Eater

ONE of the worst of the many horrors which face men adrift on the ocean is a horror no longer.

Scientists who have been patiently pitting their wits against the man-eating shark in a life-and-death game have produced the final move.

They have checkmated the shark!

★ ★ ★

The two scientists who made the first move in the game made it little more than twelve months ago.

Having obtained official support and funds, they opened their campaign by discarding the idea that colour or noise could be finally effective in driving a shark away from its prospective victim, for the eyesight and hearing of the shark are not its outstanding senses.

But its power of smell is!

If the smell of blood can fetch man-eaters threshing through miles of ocean to their kill (argued the scientists), why shouldn't a repellent smell reverse the process?

Placing a number of sharks in huge salt-water tanks, they pitted their wits against the blood-hunger of the man-eaters in their native element.

The game was slow, for their first moves, the chemicals they used, had only mild effects on their opponents.

It was when the campaign was approaching a stage perilously near to stalemate that one of the research workers hit on a possible solution.

It lay in an old mariners' tale.

The tale had it that you could never catch sharks where dead sharks lay floating on the water.

So the scientists killed off a number of sharks and let them lie around for a while.

The effects were not too pleasant.

But they stuck it out until they considered the corpses had "ripened" enough, then mixed chunks of the decayed flesh with sound food in the sharks' feeding cages.

Athough the sharks became more and more ravenously hungry, they wouldn't come near their food. They'd make angry dashes towards it, get the scent of their dead brethren, and swerve wildly away.

The experiment was repeated in the open sea, in spots notorious for man-eaters, and the results were the same.

Satisfied, the scientists rolled up their sleeves for the next stage in the game—the analysis of the decayed flesh to isolate the determining factor.

For you could scarcely expect airmen and sailors to carry decayed chunks of shark flesh around with them as part of their kit!

A chemical substitute had to be found.

And found it was.

★ ★ ★

More: it happily proved about one hundred times as effective as the original.

When it was added to tempting masses of food thrown out to teeming shoals of sharks in a Pacific hot-spot, the sharks got one whiff of it—and disappeared!

It is now being produced in caged tablets which can be pinned on to the clothing of airmen and sailors, and full-scale distribution in as short a time as possible is aimed at.

Thus, under the stress of war, which brings its own horrors, yet another age-old horror has vanished for good.

PATRICK SPENCER.

Can We Finish It Quickly?

★ To-day the German people, unlike 25 years ago, are a herd of dumb cattle kept in ignorance by bluster and terror; perhaps the shoddy covering will soon tear away and then there will be a sudden ending to the struggle

By A. G. GARDINER

IT is a memorable week. On the 11th November 25 years ago the Armistice was signed and the First World War was won.

The end came suddenly and surprisingly. Only six months before, after the collapse of the Fifth Army, victory had seemed within the grasp of the enemy.

In August there were no signs that the end was imminent. The German front was still unbroken. The German army was still mighty. No foot of German soil had been invaded. No German town had been levelled to the ground.

The balance had shifted in our favour, but the utmost we looked for was victory in the following year, when the full weight of America would be thrown into the scales on our side.

Then suddenly Germany crashed. She crashed within and without. The home front broke and the battle front broke.

Ludendorff told the Reichstag that his resources were exhausted. The Navy mutinied. The Army crumpled. The nation clamoured for peace.

* * *

Is the position of Germany to-day better than it was on that November 11, 1918?

In every military respect, not only is it not better: it is worse.

Germany has suffered a year of uninterrupted defeat. She has been beaten on sea, on land, in the air. She has lost her chief ally. Her U-boat war has failed.

She has no Navy. She has lost Africa. She has lost the Mediterranean.

Her Army is fleeing in rout before the Russian hosts. Her cities are in ruins. Her productive power is shattered. She is surrounded on all sides by victims who thirst for vengeance.

She lacks fuel. She lacks transport. She lacks man-power. She is enveloped by the growing might of an irresistible combination of Powers.

There is not a military authority in Germany who does not know that the war is irretrievably lost. So much for the war front.

* * *

What is the position on the home front? In one respect, and in one respect only, it is better than in 1918. Germany is hungry, but she is not starving—yet.

Goering's promise that, whoever else starved, it would not be Germany, is the only undertaking that the barbarians have kept. They have plundered the whole continent to feed their own people, and so far they have kept them fed.

But hunger is not the only evil that breaks the morale of a people. Ever since Stalingrad and El Alamein the shadow of defeat has been stealing over Germany and despair has seized the soul of her people as formidably as in 1918.

They are sick, war-weary, hopeless. Their idol is broken. Their belief in victory is gone.

They have been fed on lies so long and been deceived so often that they have lost all faith in their Press, in their leaders, in their Army, in themselves.

* * *

Why, in view of all this, has the collapse not come as it came in November, 1918? And what measures can we take to hasten it?

The answer to the first question in the case of the home front is not far to seek. In 1918 the German people had a vehicle of expression.

They still had a Parliament. They still had a Press which exercised some liberty of thought.

They still had a Government in which public opinion could bring its influence to bear. They could still organise.

To-day they are a mob of dumb, driven cattle. Their fear of the enemy without is overshadowed by their fear of the enemy within.

Hitler first enslaved Germany before he set out to enslave Europe. He robbed the people of all their liberties—of their Reichstag, their Press, their trade unions, their freedom of speech, their right of meeting, organising or demonstrating.

Now that his conspiracy against Europe is collapsing, he turns his terrorism on the home front in the hope of staving off the day of reckoning. If he and his gang are to perish—as they will—the people must perish with them.

The murder squads of Himmler, the butcher, are abroad throughout the land.

IF THE PEOPLE MURMUR THEY ARE SHOT. IF THEY ARE CAUGHT LISTENING IN TO THE TRUTH THEY ARE SHOT. IF THEY DEMONSTRATE LIKE THE STUDENTS AT MUNICH THEY ARE SHOT.

They are between the devil and the deep sea and the devil at home being the more immediate peril they are silenced, helpless, numbed with fear.

This is why the home front has not yet collapsed as it did in 1918.

* * *

There are two reasons why the battle front has not yet collapsed. The first is that a decade of Nazism has converted the youth of Germany into a race of fanatical barbarians whose loyalty is not to their home and kindred but to the monstrous idol who has shaped them, whom they worship and for whom they die.

The second reason refers to the High Command. Why, knowing that the war is lost, have they not thrown in their hand as Ludendorff did in 1918?

The answer is that they still cling to the hope that, once rid of Hitler they can split the Allies, make a deal with Russia and patch up a peace that will save the Prussian military machine for a third world war.

Such are the supports which are holding the tottering fabric of Hitler from falling

We await the day when all the gates and barriers are opened to free those who still suffer for their belief in democracy

How can we overcome them and shorten the war?

What are the forces, moral and material, military and political, with which we can hasten the knock-out blow?

The Moscow Conference has given the lead. It has shattered finally the political hopes of the enemy.

There is going to be no breach in the ranks of the Allies.

The solidarity of the Anglo-Russo-American alliance has been revealed with a force and emphasis that has astonished and shaken the enemy even as it has astonished and inspired ourselves and our allies.

Let us follow up this great political stroke with all possible speed. Let the European Advisory Council get to work without a day's unnecessary delay, and let the Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt meeting come swift upon the heels of the Conference.

Probably the triumphan
Conference has made the
sense less urgent.

But the dramatic valu
cannot be overstated. It wi
Day of Judgment in Berlin
in Tokyo.

Next, the fanatical sp
hordes must be broken. Ru
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The moment is ripe,
Europe to rise against the
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**AND IS IT NOT
THE NEUTRALS MAY B
THAT THIS IS THEIR H**

They can hasten the
great glory without risk.

Victory will come with
can shorten the agony of
the thanks of mankind.

The end came sudden
1918. It will come sudden
denly depends on how we
and time our collective bl

Lincoln Did Not Free the

WHEN I was sitting in the lounge of a seaside hotel in the south-west a coloured man entered. Walking to the bar, he asked for a lemon juice.

An American soldier, one of eighteen or nineteen standing nearby, spat on the floor, said something about "these coloured ——," left the best part of a whisky-and-soda and walked out.

Helpful R.A.F.

All the others followed him.

The negro's face darkened as the centre of attention, he took a seat next to me. I saw that he was on the verge of tears.

We talked. He had no friends in this country, he told me, and he was so often slighted because of his colour that he was becoming bitter.

Two R.A.F. boys, one wearing wings, came over to offer him a drink. He looked grateful, but declined.

"Come on, chum," said one with a pat on the back, "have a drink and cheer up. You won't get insults from us."

Then he gave way and went across with them to the bar. I heard him saying that, though he had joined up in the States, he was a British citizen.

The waiter a
when he served
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and the boss is
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walked out, so i
"The boss is
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No Ge ral Rule

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Probably the triumphant success of the conference has made the meeting in one sense less urgent.

But the dramatic value of the meeting cannot be overstated. It will resound like the Day of Judgment in Berlin, and hardly less in Tokyo.

Next, the fanatical spirit of the Nazi hordes must be broken. Russia has got them on the run in the Ukraine.

We have the initiative: let us use it mercilessly. Nothing will exhaust the enemy so much as the uncertainty of the next blow.

Another vulnerable weakness of the enemy is his wasting resources.

He is short of transport: let us redouble our attack on his rolling stock. He is short of fuel: from the Crimea and Foggia we should put his only source of natural oil in Rumania out of action.

* * *

On the plane of morale, we must intensify the bombing of the German cities. In the end, even the fear of Himmler and his shooting squads will yield to the terror that rides by day and night over the length and breadth of Germany, and then the home front will crumble.

And, incidentally, the whole war potential of the enemy will be pulverised.

The moment is ripe, too, for stricken Europe to rise against the oppressor. All the underground movements with which Europe is honeycombed should, at a given signal, strike together and with all their might.

AND IS IT NOT POSSIBLE THAT THE NEUTRALS MAY BE MADE TO SEE THAT THIS IS THEIR HOUR?

They can hasten the end. They can win great glory without risk.

Victory will come without them; but they can shorten the agony of the world and win the thanks of mankind.

The end came suddenly, unexpectedly in 1918. It will come suddenly now. How suddenly depends on how we assemble our forces and time our collective blow this winter.

The Biggest Thing Yet

By SWAFFER

** Mr. Anthony Eden is always given a hearty reception by his Russian friends*

UNTIL the last few days there had been, since the middle days of the eighteenth century, three all-important happenings in the history of human freedom—the fall of the Bastille, the success of the English colonists in their war of defence against a German court in Britain, and the collapse of Tsardom.

The first encouraged the spread of democracy in Europe.

The second brought about the gradual evolution of the British Commonwealth with its vast potentialities for good.

NOBLE PLEDGES

The third led to the imposition of a common ownership system which, however rigid its rules, has proved to all, in the last two years, that ordinary workers and peasants can become, if given the chance, soldiers of genius, engineers and scientists of the greatest skill, and that from the lowest ranks there can be produced leaders in every branch of art, science and business.

For well over a century the most important document ever penned was the Declaration of Independence with its insistence "that all men are created equal" and that they were entitled to lead their own lives in "the pursuit of happiness." That declaration, when it was drawn up, was the last word in boldness of conception and in challenge to the future.

Then came the Covenant that brought into being the League of Nations, an even nobler idea, for its ideals went far beyond the confines of any race or country. Because of its betrayal by the Tories of the world came the present great war, which Collective Security could have prevented.

Now, because of a meeting of three of the four chief Allies in Moscow, there has been given to man another chance.

And as Chiang Kai-shek approves, this momentous decision means that the British Commonwealth, the United States, the Soviet republics, and China—that is a total of 1,327,500,000 people—are pledged to the preparation of a wide system of post-war security and co-operation.

More, it pledges the great Powers to close post-war collaboration to promote "the political, economic and social welfare of their peoples."

WONDERING HOPE

Only two difficulties stand in the way. One is the fear in some minds that a Republican victory next November will once again isolate the United States.

The other is the possibility that the will of the common people in all the countries concerned will not assert itself.

In China, the will of the ordinary man has so far been chiefly demonstrated in a violence of anti-Japanese feeling.

In Russia, it is swayed by the towering genius of Stalin.

Both here and in America it is at present a wondering hope and a blundering idealism. The benevolence of mind is there—yes, and much piety of aspiration. But, at present, it has no focal point. It is unorganised. It is fluid.

Already, cries of "End the controls" is being used to puzzle and confuse. If it successfully deludes the masses so that they give freedom of exploitation to Big Business without knowing what they are doing, there can be no international economic reconstruction, the one all-important thing to which the Moscow Conference gave but little attention.

URGENT NEED

"Peace and security cannot be attained in a world of want and unemployment," said the *Times* in a leading article, "and the building of a new and more stable economic order in Europe, and in the world at large, is one of the first and most indispensable conditions of peace. Machinery of consultation between the three Powers on issues of long-term economic reconstruction is an urgent need of the near future."

"Economic co-operation is an issue to which statesmen, without waiting for the peace, must devote concentrated attention," declared the *Daily Herald*.

"It is vastly complicated; it is immensely difficult. But the Moscow Conference has already proved that complications and difficulties dissolve when men of good will, backed by the mandate of great peoples, sit down together determined to overcome them."

SOLVE HUNGER PROBLEM

The plain truth is that no people of any race can develop their higher qualities on empty bellies—and the under-nourishment of half the world's population is a crying scandal that only the pooling of resources can remedy.

Although he may be only a mime, Charlie Chaplin, after his tour of Asia, put it to me in these words: "The yellow people, like the blacks and the browns and the whites, have bellies to fill."

And Dr. de Graaf Johnson, a negro who came here to explain to the British the problems of West Africa, told me, after nights of walking about the London streets: "Everywhere I see the same problem—hunger. Solve that, and we can make progress."

Now, how far have we gone at home? The Government is united over its war strategy, supply and distribution.

It is almost entirely in unison over the second stage—one now called "Transition." That means demobilisation, the refitting of factories, the replacing of soldiers into industry, and many of the many minor matters involved.

PLANNED ECONOMY

But there is a third stage—"Reconstruction." Over that disagreement will be more and more open—over the issue—"Control *v.* Free Competition."

The first means the intelligent control of monopolies in the interests of the small man and the public generally. The second means rocket prices followed by slumps and panic, general disruption indeed—every man for himself.

Unless, at home, we can arrive at intelligent co-operation, how can we, as a nation, take a share in it at a conference of the nations?

Only with a planned economy in Britain can we help in a planned economy abroad.

Indeed, what happens in Whitehall in the next few months will make either a reality or mock of the Moscow decisions.

Order or chaos—that is the issue. If those who prefer chaos win, all mankind will have been betrayed twice in a quarter of a century!

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I mentioned what I had seen in the seaside hotel.

"Oh, yes, I'm not surprised," was his comment.

British Also Guilty

Mentioning the Paignton court-martial on several American soldiers accused of shooting at the military police, I asked if the trouble did not arise from an incident in which five coloured soldiers were asked to leave a dance hall, and later, because of American feeling against them, were refused drinks at a public-house.

He admitted that this was so. And he explained that, despite the shooting case, no general instructions had been issued on this difficult problem.

Now, I don't want to pretend that no British people have ever tried to operate the colour bar. There have been cases recently, indeed, in which hotels have discriminated against dark-skinned Colonial folk; and it will be a long time before we forget the humiliation visited on a girl who travelled thousands of miles from the West Indies to volunteer for the Women's Land Army.

But these isolated cases have been roundly and forcefully condemned by the British Government as well as by the weight of British public opinion. And we shouldn't hear of any more of them.

Could not the American authorities prevent further shocks to our sensibilities?

Just a hint to commanding officers that no colour bar is welcome here?

W. G.

POSTSCRIPT:

On my return to London I overheard the following conversation in a City pub where two American sergeants and a private were questioning the barmaid:

"Do you get any American Indians in here?"

The barmaid looked puzzled.

"Heard of Africa?" prompted the soldier.

"Oh, yes."

"Well, *their* population is American Indians."

"You mean negroes?"

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"No" said the barmaid, "we haven't seen any in here."

"O.K., fellows!"

The three cautious customers proceeded to drape themselves round the bar, depositing their small change, cigarettes and matches on the counter—the United States custom when a long session is contemplated.

DISTURBING things are happening in the world of education.

Scores of thousands of children are being told quite bluntly that, because of the war, they must lose all their chances of a secondary school education.

The Board of Education is talking glibly of a secondary education for all, and from that point onwards a broader ladder to the university than ever before.

For some future generation perhaps—but not, apparently, for the millions of children who are innocent victims of this war.

I know of youngsters of eight and nine—who will not be old enough for the secondary school for another two years—whose parents have already been told by their headmasters and headmistresses: "I can hold out no hope that we shall be able to find a place for your child, whether you can pay or not."

Far more final is the decision in the case of the vast army of ten- and eleven-year-olds who have been refused this higher education.

To-morrow, for them, will be too late.

Feeble Excuses

And what of the boys and girls who have already embarked on secondary school educations and have now had those educations cut short on excuses that can only be regarded as farcical?

There is no need for us to tell the President of the Board of Education that that is actually happening in these days when he tells monster gatherings about his plans for a secondary school education for all.

Rule of Thumb

The recent records of his own department will show him that it is true.

And why all this? Because the children haven't the aptitude and capacity that would justify a higher education?

In many districts of Britain no effort is made to find out whether they have or have not.

They are tested at examinations which are no real test of either aptitude or capacity, and which take no account whatever of the setbacks the youngsters have suffered as a result of the war.

The Board of Education cannot be ignorant as to which of the millions of children have suffered mentally as a result of the war.

That department is, indeed, carrying out very useful psychological research into a war time condition of childhood which educationists are referring to as "standstill."

Now Backward

Certain children back from evacuation areas find themselves unable to do sums they did quite readily three years before.

They have difficulty in reading text which they read quite easily before they left home.

It is not the fault of the schools which have had temporary charge of them.

This educational fixation at a line beyond which they find it so difficult to progress is due to such causes as evacuation, re-evacuation, continual changes of billet, and the break from home.

Many were children of unusual promise when war broke up their home life.

How far they are afflicted by a feeling of hopelessness at realising that other children have left them behind has yet to be discovered.

The point is that the Board of Education does realise that the war has given us these problem children.

Many headmasters and headmistresses do, too.

In some cases these children are made to "sit with teacher." Their schoolfellows are never allowed to realise they are backward. Indeed, they are given no special tests which might brand them as backward.

The teacher, looking over their shoulders and giving them individual attention, need make no special test.

These are children wounded by the war—whose wounds can be healed by proper handling. The Board of Education recognises them as such.

That certain local authorities should refuse them a higher education on the grounds that they are "dunces" is, to my mind, the quintessence of brutality.

Then there are the children who have had to study in evacuation areas so crowded that church halls and other buildings have had to be used as classrooms, sometimes four classes being taken simultaneously in one room.

Brilliant children suffer temporary setback under such conditions—children with the capacity and aptitude to be the leaders of to-morrow.

Why should *they* be refused a secondary school education, and whatever still higher education their aptitudes, given a fair chance of revealing themselves, should entitle them to?

No wonder the National Union of Teachers attack the postponement of the new Education Bill on the ridiculous ground that this is war time and the Bill is "controversial."

Making Them Suffer

No wonder educationists refer to all the spacious promises being made to childhood as "jam to-morrow."

For we are not making up to the children for what they have suffered in the war.

We are, indeed, giving them a worse educational deal than they were assured in 1939.

It begins to look as if educational reform is not intended for this generation of children at all, but for one yet unborn.

Should she be made to lose a scholarship because she is a victim of the war?

Cheating the Youngsters!

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Shoddy Shoes Worry Mothers as the Winter Draws Nearer

SHOE manufacturers are still waiting for that better leather promised for children's winter footwear.

More than a month has gone since Mr. Hugh Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, making his "shoddy footwear tour," pledged those better raw materials.

And from some makers I get reports that much of the leather reaching them is as bad as that which started the recent outcry from the homes of Britain.

The Government is known to have big supplies of good leather for soles. It is probably keeping it back for what it regards as priority uses.

First Priority

But in the minds of the millions of mothers of Britain, worried about their children, there can be no greater priority than the health of the youngsters.

There must be a big and immediate release of suitable leather if children are to walk dry-shod in the wet weather of next February and March.

A few more weeks' delay and the position will not improve until the winter of 1944!

The Board of Trade still blames the shoemakers—threatens dire penalties if they use bad leather in future.

It says that in future every shoe must be stamped with a mark identifying it with its maker.

But it is difficult to see what this will achieve.

All control of imports is in the hands of the State.

Indeed, at this moment a Government Commission is on its way to South America to get better hides than the South American countries have been sending us recently.

Threats or no threats, identifying marks on footwear or not, the makers can only use the raw materials issued to them by the Government.

None at All!

To demand strong shoes when there has been no issue of leather for strong shoes will mean no shoes at all!

When Mr. Dalton blamed the makers for using hides tanned for countries where there was little rain—and which were therefore useless for a rainy country like the British Isles—he must have known that the factories were merely using the leather issued to them.

He must know that what kind of shoes our children wear in the next few dangerous months will depend on what leather he releases.

So let him release the right stuff—and the children will have the right footwear.

Hire Racket

TRAVELLING about the country as I do, I come across all kinds of ramps and injustices.

Recent experiences have convinced me that it is time the Ministry of Fuel looked into the operations and charges of many private car and taxi pirates who hold the public to ransom in these days of impoverished train services

* * *

As much as 4s. a mile is regularly charged by owners of private cars, and one on the South Coast last week had the impertinence to ask me 25s. for a four-mile (return) journey.

"Take it or leave it," was his attitude.

* * *

A London driver frankly admitted to me that he is taking over £40 a week on a staggered hours rota, and apart from a salary of £6 a week gets one-third of the takings.

His vehicle is only 10 h.p. too.

Many drivers privately arrange with their customers to "do a journey" at such and such a rate, and know that the police cannot intervene because private hire cars are licensed by local authorities.

Something most certainly ought to be done about it. It is one of the worst Black Markets of all to-day.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. A. Gomersal, Lime Pit Lane, Stanley, Wakefield, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Don't Meet "Colonel" James

MEET "Colonel" James, D.S.O.

At least, don't meet him in the flesh if you can help it, but keep a mental record of his methods.

* * *

And also of the fact that he uses endless names, including those of Dexter, Ross, Ambrose, Wentworth, and (with many others) Stevens.

Ranks and decorations, with him, vary as much as his tales.

He was in the Southampton-Torquay district recently, going from town to town, telling stories that his mission was to establish local "workshops" after the war for blinded and maimed ex-Servicemen. With what appeared to be a well-kept account book he asked for subscriptions from pennies to pounds.

James is not a colonel, and he is not even a soldier. He has never won any distinction—save the sort that are reserved for men who go continually to jail. Eleven times he has seen "service" in such prisons as Wandsworth, Maidstone and Pentonville.

So, remember. If you get a surprise call from a well-spoken man asking for "workshops" funds, ask him to produce his credentials.

* * *

No honest collector minds answering a demand like that—particularly when crooks like James hinder their own charitable progress.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Penny Plain, Tuppence Coloured

★ If you like to hear of people finding happiness unexpectedly, you'll remember this odd adventure of Mr. Poppleton

Once, Mr. Poppleton had taken the picture out of its frame in the hope of finding an inscription at the foot. But there was nothing

★

Short Story By Hedley Barker

ALL day long and half the night Mr Poppleton shouted his wares against the roar of London's traffic. After thirty years of this, man and boy, he had achieved a voice like a foghorn, and a delivery like the impact of a steam-hammer.

Mr. Poppleton's business was news.

Sensational murder on the Scotch express: Bradman not out, a hundred and ninety-eight; or, on a day when nothing stirred, should women paint their toenails?

You could hear Mr. Poppleton's voice fifty yards away. *Speshul edition. Verdict in trunk murder. Speshul edition!*

When you came near him he would hand over your paper with a smile and sometimes a cheery wink.

But, nearing eight p.m., the smile would be a thought weary and the wink in evidence no more. From six a.m. to eight at night is a long pull.

No time for anything but work, eat, and sleep—that was Mr. Poppleton's portion. After shouting the headlines for twelve hours on a diet of tea and sandwiches, the business of selling newspapers left him dead beat.

"Too tired," he'd say, "to turn in."

Not, however, too tired to look at his picture. And alone in his one room by the light of the single gas-jet Mr. Poppleton would gaze upon this, the assurance of happiness to come.

With some people it's a nip out of a bottle now and again, nine penn'orth of Bette Davis, or a shilling each way on the hot tip for the two-thirty race.

Something to keep them going, a spot of colour to brighten their penny-plain existence, a stimulant to hearten them in the ding-dong battle of life.

With Mr Poppleton it was a photograph. Every night he looked at it and was renewed. If he was not happy now, he at least knew that happiness was possible.

The only thing left to remind him of his mother, the photograph was tuppence coloured. It depicted palm-trees, cactus-plants, unfamiliar tall grasses, a lush vegetation such as Mr. Poppleton had never seen.

Foreign, of course. But it wasn't the foreignness that appealed to Mr. Poppleton: it was something in the feathery tops of those trees, in the blues and pinks and mauves of the flowers that stirred a chord deep down in his being.

For all he knew it might have been a garden in West Africa or a jungle in Malay. But he *did* know in his bones that on the day he looked upon that scene he would touch the peak of happiness.

And happiness was for Mr. Poppleton mixed up with the idea of peace.

"If only," he would say wistfully sometimes, "I could get a bit of peace."

A change from yelling his lungs out, a rest from the daily fight, time to sit down and think his own thoughts instead of chalking down the thoughts of some sub-editor on his blackboard.

Trees, and leaves, and flowers. Things that grew.

"They sort of say things to you, friendly like."

Thus Mr. Poppleton, communing with himself in the back room at nights.

And Mr. Poppleton *knew*. By instinct, rather than reason, he knew that only these trees and these flowers could strike the spark of happiness from his heart.

"It's piling up the dough with some folks," he would sometimes say to Mrs. March, his landlady. "With others, it's playing the violin, or shooting elephants, or a dog's nose nuzzling into their hand.

"HAPPINESS is various, Mrs. March. Each man to his own. And for me it's in this picture.

"When I see them trees and flowers and plants come alive I'll just want to weep. Funny, but there it is."

"But," objected Mrs. March, "you don't know where——"

"Brazil." Mr. Poppleton waved a hand. "Fiji, Pernambuco, the West Indies. Might be anywhere. But I'll find it. It's a sort of feeling, deep down, see?"

"It'll cost you a pretty penny."

"There's only myself," said Mr. Poppleton. "Maybe in twenty years——"

He closed his fists and tightened his jaw. "I'll get it," he said, low.

Once, Mr. Poppleton had taken the picture out of its frame in the hope of finding an inscription at the foot. But there was nothing, not a word to say where the photograph had been taken.

But he never lost the faith that he would find it. Mr. Poppleton harboured the private opinion that Fate was in this thing; that somehow, at the proper time, he would be guided along the way.

He never thought to change his occupation. To selling newspapers he had been born, and he would sell newspapers until the end of the chapter.

And he saved. Impatient with the slow growth of his bank account, he cut out his daily pint or two, took to mending his own shoes, bought scrag-end at sixpence the pound, and drank tea that insulted his palate.

Now and then he bought things against the great day. A cabin-trunk bound with brass a pith helmet, two suits of tussore, half a dozen pairs of shorts. The man at Harridges who advised him about tropical kit was rather amused.

"What part of the world?" Mr. Poppleton would reply. "I dunno, see? All I can tell you is that it's the tropics."

Two, five, fifteen years. Mr. Poppleton's picture had become his religion. At fifty-one he was a finished fanatic who lived only for the one thing.

And on his fifty-sixth birthday he closed his bank-book with a snap, went forth to buy a shave, a haircut, and two new suits.

Five hundred pounds, he judged, was enough.

Later, in the privacy of his room, he closed his eyes, and, waiting, listened to the heavy thumps of his heart. *Borneo Prince, Pacific Queen, Atlas, Peshawur*—ships Eastern bound, all to different ports.

And when Mr. Poppleton hit on the *Peshawur* he knew in the bones of him that he had chosen aright. When he got into the taxi he was trembling with excitement.

"Limehouse," he said. "King George's dock."

Of the details of the accident Mr. Poppleton remembered nothing. He awoke in a strange bed; a bed amongst rows of beds, white walls, the smell of disinfectant.

A stillness came upon Mr. Poppleton when he learned the news. Whether he would ever walk again was problematical. In any case, there could never be a sea voyage.

Seventy-eight—that was Mr. Poppleton's number.

Number seventy-eight, they said, was fading away. No Thanks all the time, and closed eyes in a white face.

Privily, Mr. Poppleton had rung down the curtain. For him, the sorry play was finished.

So when they wheeled him out in a bath-chair he closed his eyes, as ever, in sheer weariness.

Even amongst London's traffic he dozed, and it was the cessation of noise that woke him He opened his eyes, and in an instant was crying out, struggling in the chair.

"Mine," he cried, beside himself. "My palm-trees, my flowers—just like in the picture!"

Frenziedly, Mr. Poppleton turned and clutched at the nurse. He was so happy that he daren't believe.

"Oh God," he muttered, "where are we?"

"Why," said the nurse, "in the gardens, of course."

"The—the gardens?"

"Of course, you silly man. This is the tropical section. Don't tell me, Mr. Poppleton, that you've never heard of Kew!"

HUMAN MACHINE

RESOURCES

The B.B.C. have a programme called "Desert Island Discs," in which various eminent people tell us which eight gramophone records they would take with them if they were to be cast away on a desert island and left to their own resources.

Well, you can believe their choices or not—as you please. But it raises a nice question each of us could think about with advantage, what our own individual resources are, what we would or could do with ourselves if we were not cast away on a desert island—but merely left to ourselves for a few days or a few weeks.

Surprisingly many people appear to have no inner resources. They have to be amused.

The secret behind most grumbles, grouses, dissatisfactions and irritabilities is—boredom. The person with large inner resources and plenty to do, the person who never has enough time to do all he would like to do, is never bored.

Think this over. Would you, or would you not, be bored to death if you were left to your own devices for days at a time?

Only you know to what extent you have made your mind a treasure house to be dipped into in time of need.

WHERE DO OLD PINS GO TO?

IF you come to think of it, the human race is frightfully indifferent in the matter of pins. We treat pins with something pretty near to contempt. I suppose we owe quite a lot to them, but we don't seem to care.

I think pins annoy most people. They are useful, but they are silly. They are silly even to look at. Long nothings with a blob on the end. Useful, but they look anything but.

★ ★ ★

If I receive a batch of papers through the post held together by a staple or a paper-fastener I am all right for the day. But if they are held together by a pin I am no good to anybody until another dawn has arrived.

A pin, once it has done pinning, is such a stupid gadget. What can you do with it? Once upon a time you stuck it in a pin-cushion, but nobody's seen a pin-cushion for years. Or you stuck it in your lapel with a lot of its brothers and sisters in a neat row, until you looked as if you'd been decorated for something. But that, as a pastime has quite gone out.

So what do you do with a pin when you no longer want it?

You can't throw it away. You'd think you could, but just try it. It turns up in the oddest places. In your finger or in your toe.

And yet even this small island of ours must be heavier by millions and millions and millions of pins which have served their purpose. Where do they get to? They don't wear out.

But you don't find them discarded and gone rusty. You don't find more than about one a year, anyway. I don't think I've seen more than twenty rusty pins in all my life.

Does somebody collect them?

★ ★ ★

Pins are the biggest mystery in modern life. We are, all of us, ignorant of many things, but none of us is half as ignorant of anything as he is of pins.

Where do they come from? Why do we hate them? Where do they go?

When we've stopped caring a row of pins for Hitler, I think a Royal Commission ought to be set up to go into the Pin Mystery.

A. G.

MERCHANT NAVY FORUM

VICTORY CONVOY

ON Armistice Day twenty-five years ago, the Men of the Merchant Service counted the cost: 3,154 merchant ships, 14,731 British merchant seamen lost.

To-day, twenty-five years later, merchant seamen have been asked to volunteer to take their ships to the "most vital amphibious operation in history." To the Second Front! The cards of all volunteers are being stamped with the letter "V." They're signing-on for the Victory Convoy.

★ ★ ★

This is to be Dunkirk *in reverse*! And the merchant seamen will be 'way ahead, leading the troops, carrying them to final victory. But let's look back for a moment.

When Britain was down—but never "out"; when our retreating Army was concentrating on the beaches around Dunkirk, Churchill told the late Sir Dudley Pound: "The Navy will take them off." The Navy did; both Navies, Royal and Merchant. It was an epic job, magnificently done. But what now? What of the future?

Union executives, meeting in London, have started negotiations to "settle the future of the Merchant Navy after the war." Better pay, longer—and paid—leave, continuity of service and pensions, these are among the main items to be discussed.

The Seven Seas are our sure ramparts. The Tramp steamship service will always remain; always be the backbone of Britain as a world Power. Control or no control after this war, if official Britain fails to honour her debt to the men of the Merchant Service, the lead will be taken by others who have the courage to see that real justice is done!

★ ★ ★

Once more, FORUM makes a solemn pledge to the seamen: If in the future any political Party, any union or other organisation, any interest or individual fails our seamen, or lets down these men who have endured for Britain's freedom, this column will fight on.

One final item: The letter "V" stamped on a seaman's identity card indicates that he has volunteered for "the most vital amphibious operation in history." And—among the thirty-six flags of the International Code there is one single-letter signal no seaman ever ignores. It is the letter "V." It means "I require assistance"

It is up to us, the common people of Britain, to see that *no British seaman after this war has cause to make that signal to us!*

Voice of the Troops

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story is used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CAPTURE of 210 prisoners by a handful of men, and some hard fighting in Italy, is reported by a captain to a friend at Hawes Lane, West Wickham, Kent:

The gunner wanted help, so the Colonel said "Carriers." I got four of them together, threw everything out, primed grenades, loaded guns, and off we went hell for leather.

We reached the right spot when a Hun came running out. He said that there were no more except him, but we had heard that one before. Anyway, we bundled him into the carrier and prepared for "trouble."

By now we had only three carriers. Mine carried one Besa, one Bren, grenades and three men—myself, driver and wireless operator. The second carrier, commanded by my troop sergeant, had three men; and the third carried my batman and another man.

I decided to attack the farm buildings in arrowhead formation from the left, and off we went blazing away at an unseen enemy.

We sprayed the farm and surrounding buildings and bushes with gunfire. A little fire was returned, but we could not definitely locate it.

So I tried the right flank. By this time the light was failing. I left the gunner and his man with the carrier and went up the track on the right.

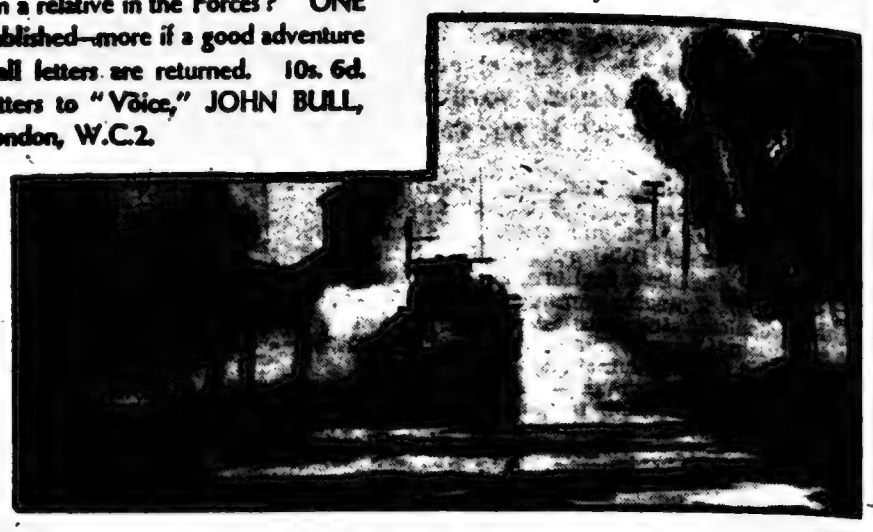
Topping the rise after the hollow, I fired off a belt of Besa into the main building; then, as no fire was returned, I waited a bit.

By now it was almost dark; there was an eerie quietness for a time. Then, suddenly, came the sound of shouting and coming down the drive were about thirty Huns with white flags. I packed them off down the road in charge of a carrier.

Another pause, after which I let the buildings have another half belt of Besa. Lo and behold! out came a vast body of men. As near as we could count, about nine officers and 135 men!

I just did not know what to do with them all. However, the other carriers were now on the job, so the prisoners were sent off down the road under their own steam, while the five officers were loaded on to the third carrier.

Later more Huns came out with white flags, and by midnight we had got 210 prisoners. Not a bad bag!



Off we went blazing away at an unseen enemy

We Bow Low

There is a "bouquet" in a letter from Bdr. H. Eaton, R.A., serving in Ceylon, to his father at Wigmore

Road, Carshalton, Surrey. Thanks, Bombardier!

I am particularly interested in JOHN BULL, for it discusses so much of the war as it affects the ordinary man. My only regret is that it takes about three months to reach us, but it is always welcome.

Each copy is read by all of us in turn, and by the time it reaches the hundredth man it becomes a bit tattered—but still it goes the rounds. JOHN BULL, in its straight-from-the-shoulder manner, clears up many questions for us.

Writing to-night is a bit difficult, as the mosquitoes are biting hard and there are dozens of flying and crawling insects invading the table where I write. One of these insects walks sideways, but I have just stopped that!

Beauty Ballet

Going to a dance in India is a bit different to the half-crown "hop" at the local Palais-de-Danse at home. L.A.C./D. Ferguson, R.A.F., writes to his parents at Grays Road, Stockton-on-Tees:

We set off on a rather weird journey, aided by the light of a hurricane lamp, which are carried at night in these parts because of snakes and swampy ground.

Eventually we reached the gates of a disused temple, and then into the building itself.

Lights were glowing and incense burning. In the centre was a square of blankets where the dancing was to take place. Around it squatted Indians, both civil and military, and ourselves trying not to look out of place.

Then, with a squeeze from the harmonium, a clash of cymbals and a roll of the drums, things began to liven up.

Out came the six dancing girls, dark and pretty, in costumes beautifully embroidered, and saris marvellously coloured. They had long dark hair falling to their waists in bejewelled plaits which sparkled with every movement of the dancing. And they wore many bracelets on arms and ankles which tinkled musically.

There were songs and "heady" music, which was strangely stirring. A very good show.

It Wasn't a "Duk"

The wrong way to ferry a tank across a lake during "Exercises" in North Africa is described by Sapper P. Cox, B.N.A.F., in a letter to his wife at Statton Audley, Bicester, Oxon.

We have just had an exciting time in our training at bridging and ferrying on a lake. Of course, we had to spoil all our good work by letting a tank slide off a raft into 20 ft. of water.

But we didn't worry so much about this little mishap as did the driver and crew of the tank. After a struggle, however, we managed to save them from a watery grave.

You should have seen us swimming about like seals, though not as gracefully, trying to keep the poor devils' heads above water. It was a proper "do," and some of the "rescuers" had to be "rescued."

The tank is still at the bottom of the lake and we had some fun diving down trying to fix chains on it to haul it out. At last we had to give up; now we're waiting for proper diving apparatus to arrive.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

"LOVE is like a ghost: it must be spoken to before it can speak," said a young man in one of Bernard Shaw's early plays.

He himself suffered from horrible shyness that seemed to strangle him. He saw the affection for which he was longing given to dogs and cats and pet birds because they came and asked for it. "All the love in the world is longing to speak," he said, "but it cannot because it is shy! shy! shy!"

I was reminded of that young man by reading a letter from a woman reader.

My mother is unusually "good," she writes. She does not drink or smoke, doesn't use make-up or go in for "perms" or new clothes. She devotes her whole life to her husband and children, but one by one the children have left home. We have all left through mother.

I admire her for being so self-sacrificing, but she spoils it by everlasting complaints about how little we appreciate her.

I hate to go home at week-ends because of her nagging and complaining. Try as I will, I can never hug her or make any show of sympathy and gratitude.

How can I make her understand that she is ruining the best years of her life? I do so want to be affectionate, but simply can't. Please try to help me.

Are there any other young people who have a similar feeling about their parents? Is the fault in their elders?

That mother is a woman, but she wants t for it and nags becau get it.

But it goes deeper th heart she is longing fo of affection—kisses, hu kindly words. Why them?

Some people are easy can feel close to them keep one at a chilly almost as if they lived and kept the drawbr There is no getting acr

Thousands of people aching for affectio reaches them—and the

LAUGH AND MAKE A NEW WORLD

IT seems rather like sacrilege to have to tell some folk that they must laugh, when their agony seems too great to bear and their world lies split in half. For our reverence for grief is great, and our sorrows hold dignity, yet if ever we needed laughter it is in the throes of tragedy.

BUT who, you will say, can laugh near death? It seems out of place and profane. But true laughter is but courage of soul and it's the way mankind stays sane. When we have lost our dearest ones and we've seen the worst befall, laughter is still God's tonic and He gave it to help us all.

LAUGHTER is antiseptic, without it wounds mortify. Man must laugh in his heart and soul or else he will atrophy and die. Not the loud and bawdy laughter, but the laughter of heaven's clear mirth.

SO let us keep our laughter and treasure it for its own sake. In tears and woe a world will fall, but laughter a new world will make. The laughter of deep believing, the laughter of the brave.

J. M.

★ High smeag pioneer men who first found parachute for airbor how to land a Seaf deck and made other experiments

THE pilot carefully r minute instructio to climb some 5, a final burst to nd then release—" Jud It was a warm day with hite cloud. A handful o e 'plane take off. eutenant-Colonel Rock. At 5,000 ft. the 'plane du omething shot away fro ight have been a man. At 3,000 ft. it was a ra ob. But still no parach stop the headlong fall. n out. . . .

Good-Night

And at last came the fa here across the fields. an at the end of the ne hute had crashed. The pened. Technically it ght kiss."

There was an interval. er the parachute once a rachute was made. But anted to test it in real e ers were not lacking. Only Colonel Rock woul He had his own bout these things. It c —trying it first himself So it came about, some hat the drama of that oon was repeated once m me there was a live m the chute. Colonel R Again the watchers rained their binoculars. eld their breath. A oming down the sky, th en the chute crash t ooked up—and hoped.

CAN YO

George Bernard S longed for af

First-Time Men Never Say Die

★ High among pioneers are the men who first found the right parachute for airborne troops; how to land a Seafire on the deck and made other life-saving experiments.

"HE pilot carefully ran over last-minute instructions. He was to climb some 5,000 ft. Give a final burst to the engines nd then release—" Judy."

It was a warm day with lazy banks of hite cloud. A handful of men watched he 'plane take off. Among them eutenant-Colonel Rock.

At 5,000 ft. the 'plane duly levelled out. omething shot away from the tail. It ight have been a man. . . .

At 3,000 ft. it was a rapidly-enlarging ob. But still no parachute blossomed stop the headlong fall. The seconds n out. . . .

Good-Night Kiss

And at last came the faint plop somehere across the fields. The dummy an at the end of the new type of parahute had crashed. The chute hadn't pened. Technically it was a—"good-ight kiss."

There was an interval. Experts went er the parachute once again. Another arachute was made. But this time they anted to test it in real earnest. Volunteers were not lacking.

Only Colonel Rock would have none of . He had his own particular idea bout these things. It consisted simply —trying it first himself.

So it came about, some months later, hat the drama of that summer afternoon was repeated once more. Only this me there was a live man on the end the chute. Colonel Rock.

Again the watchers on the ground rained their binoculars. Again they eld their breath. And somewhere, oming down the sky, the man who had een the chute crash to earth before, ooked up—and hoped.

"Now," one of the watchers muttered. And as if in answer the white shroud blossomed miraculously.

It was some time later that I talked to Lieutenant-Colonel Rock. Conversation wasn't easy. He seemed absent. Lighting his pipe got more attention than I thought necessary. I had the impression that he would rather have gone away to some quiet corner—to think about something else.

I found out what that something else was, later. When the invasion in the West starts we shall owe a lot to this remarkable man. For he not only pioneered Britain's paratroops, he also carried out daring experiments which brought our glider troops into being.

One of those experiments took place at night. The engine of Rock's 'plane cut out suddenly. Then, a few yards from the ground, it stuttered to life again.

Then the 'plane hit the earth. It was upside down when it finally came to rest. But Rock crawled out of the wreckage with nothing more than a shake-up and a black eye.

First time men. . . . Facing completely unknown quantities. . . . Perhaps the new escape apparatus wouldn't work after all. . . . Perhaps the ship would explode in the air. Or the new glider crumple in the wind. . . . Somebody had to find out—for the first time.

When Commander Hugh Peter Bramwell first suggested getting a Seafire down on the deck of an aircraft carrier, the experts said it couldn't be done. Bramwell belonged to the Fleet Air Arm. His squadron was engaged on test work.

Nerve-Racking

He asked for special permission to try to get the Seafire down.

At last it was granted. Then began a long process of trial and error. It was the kind of job which broke the nerves before the body. When a handful of scientists say something is impossible, they don't usually talk through their hats.

They used the *Illustrious* for the first

It was a big moment when a Seafire first skimmed down towards H.M. Aircraft Carrier "Illustrious"

actual trial. It was a big moment when the Seafire came skimming down towards the vast heave of her stern. The wheels bumped gently at first contact. A good beginning. . . . She began running across. . . . Everyone held on—ready for the worst.

But the 'plane slowed. The prop eased down. And then she was still. Since that day Commander Bramwell has evolved a new technique which is now taught to Fleet Air Arm pilots. It may make all the difference to air-sea battles.

Ed Clouston was a first-time man, too. His story takes us back a couple of years. They wanted to find the most effective type of barrage balloon wire. It involved crashing into a barrage and baling out—if the fates were kind.

Nobody had ever tried it before. Wing Commander Ed Clouston went into it with a smile and a dash.

Something sliced at a wing. . . . There was a high shriek. . . . It looked as though the 'plane would be cut in half. . . . Then it staggered on.

He tried again. This time the sweeping snake of wire wrapped itself round the prop. Then one end streaked at Clouston. He ducked—just in time. When he straightened again, a large part of the top of his 'plane was gone.

Lost Wings

Each attempt showed the experts just how certain 'planes reacted to certain types of barrage wires. In the end they found the best type. In the end, too, Clouston had both wings cut clean away and had to bale out with lightning speed.

The fourth first-time man is Pilot Officer Robert Young. He was twenty-nine when he performed his bomb-feat. 'Planes sometimes crashed still loaded with their bombs. They wanted someone to render such bombs harmless.

Death to-day? . . . Death to-morrow? . . . It certainly looked that way in this case. Yet three times in four days Young faced that certain death to take the life out of crashed bombs. And came out alive

It happened first when one of our 'planes returned from a Ruhr raid with a 500-pounder hung up in the racks. It dropped on an airfield. Young went out and—dealt with it.

That one wasn't too bad. But two days later a bomber crashed in taking off and this time it carried two live mines.

Quite calmly, Young went to work. It involved something new in mine technique. They seemed to be jammed fast in the twisted frame of the bomber. There were small sounds from the wreck. . . . The sputter of oil. . . . The creak of subsiding metal. . . . Anyone of those sounds might have been the signal for a vast explosion.

Young ignored them. With the detachment of a god he peered and tinkered. . . . First he put one mine out of action. A few more minutes and he had "killed" the second. . . .

Saving the Plum

But the story still goes on. The following day he was called out again. This time it was a big plum—a 4,000-pounder. Again a bomber had crashed. If this bomb went up it would smash many aircraft and many men, too.

By now Young had perfected his technique. He worked at high speed. Again he completely disregarded his personal safety. And within five minutes the big bomb was dead.

Another first-time man had shown—it could be done. VINCENT BROME.

CAN YOU INVADE A STRONGHOLD OF THE EMOTIONS?

George Bernard Shaw once longed for affection

I AM engaged to a charming girl, writes a man of twenty-five, but I must confess I have awful misgivings. My fiancée is well educated, refined, good-looking and dresses smartly. I am proud to be seen with her.

But somehow I never feel that we can get close together. For one thing she expects me to be polite and respectful all the time, and if I become too familiar she freezes me off.

Sometimes I think it would pay to be thoroughly rude to her, to shock her with strong language, or to get into a towering rage. Perhaps then she would reveal her real self. I wonder whether my sort of problem is unique? Have you ever heard of anyone else in my position?

The problem is by no means unique. I have heard of others, both men and women, who seem quite unable to get into real, intimate, heart-to-heart contact with a loved one.

Love-making is not like a one-way street. Feelings must flow both ways. Every approach must be welcomed and responded to—otherwise it gets no farther.

A girl once told me that she could never get really friendly with another girl until she had made her cry.

Does that sound callous? It means, I think, that she found that the quickest way to break through the barrier between them.

SOME weeks ago I wrote about a man who had fits of sulking that poisoned the happiness of everybody in the home. It brought the following reply:

That letter describes me exactly, a man wrote. My wife and I adore each other. We are the best of pals, go nowhere without each other, and run our lives together in complete harmony.

Yet some trifle arises which sets me off in sulks which last for days. I want to break it; I know I am being beastly and making the atmosphere deadly.

Yet for the life of me I cannot do a thing until the mood wears off and I can unbend sufficiently to make some sort of advance.

The explanation? I believe I love my wife so much that I have put her on a pedestal and she must not fall. It is unreasonable, I know, but the fact remains that in my eyes she can do no wrong.

If she does fall in some trifle it is a direct blow to my adoration of her and the result is deep depression and sulks.

I cannot be agreeable to anybody who has knocked her from the pedestal—even though she has done it herself quite innocently.

The remedy which would put me right in a moment is one which no self-respecting woman would use. I want her to put her arms round me, admit her fault, and beg my forgiveness!

I should be up in arms immediately to think that anybody could suggest that she was capable of being wrong. I should take all the blame, and the whole scene would be over as soon as it began.

If my wife only knew the secret thoughts and longings, I think she would try, but for sheer decency's sake I cannot tell her.

It is a very illuminating letter and might help a great many people to understand what goes on inside a man's mind. But I wonder what women readers will have to say about it!

parents? Is the fault in the young people or in their elders?

That mother is a most unselfish woman, but she wants to be given credit for it and nags because she does not get it.

But it goes deeper than that. In her heart she is longing for demonstrations of affection—kisses, hugs, warm smiles, kindly words. Why does she not get them?

Some people are easy to approach: one can feel close to them at once. Others keep one at a chilly distance. It is almost as if they lived in a strong castle and kept the drawbridge always up. There is no getting across to them.

Thousands of people are like that—aching for affection which never reaches them—and they grow bitter.

"Look out in the blackout"

Watch your step—and your feet. Mackintosh, umbrella, sou'wester: these keep the rain off your body but your feet too need adequate protection. DRI-PED sole leather is the answer. It's guaranteed 100% waterproof and as well gives you double wear. To be sure you are on the right footing look for the purple diamond.

DRI-PED LEATHER

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to do his best.

DRI-PED LTD. *Rose Hill Tannery,* BOLTON, LANCS.

A Scientifically Perfect Combination of Aspirin

SCIENTIFICALLY prepared from pure aspirin combined with 'Alocol,' a recognised powerful gastric sedative and antacid, 'Alasil' Tablets possess five special advantages:—

1. *Give Quick Relief from Pain.*
2. *Help Digestion and soothe the Stomach.*
3. *Remove excess Acid.*
4. *Have no ill or unpleasant After-effects.*
5. *Are not Habit-forming.*

Widely prescribed by the Medical and Dental professions, 'Alasil' Tablets provide the modern treatment for the relief of pain.

Owing to their special composition, they can be taken without risk of unpleasant after-effects on the stomach or digestion.

Take ALASIL for — Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pain, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Periodic Pains.

6d. *in Cartons. Also in Bottles* 1/11½d.

A.S.8

POWER FOR INDUSTRY

A small saving of electricity by each one of us releases a vast aggregate of power for the war factories. And industry *needs* power and still more power to produce the weapons of war that will gain us victory and peace. Save as much electricity as possible by using

MAZDA LAMPS

They Stay Bright Longer

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

3987

No jam shortage!

No egg shortage!

We're getting a double jam ration at present. And the dried egg ration allows everybody three eggs a week — which is more than most people had in peacetime!

So you can go the limit and give your family these lovely jam pancakes as often as you like!

First, mix together 4 oz. national flour, a little salt, and 1 level tablesp. dried egg (for 6 pancakes). Dried eggs, as you know, are simply shell eggs, dried and packeted when they're absolutely new-laid. Add half a pint of milk. Add only sufficient milk at first to make a stiff mixture. Beat well, then add the rest of the milk, and beat again. Cook each pancake separately in a little smoking hot fat, browning it on both sides.

You are allowed one packet of dried eggs per ration book every 4 weeks

Warm some jam and spread a little on to each pancake while still in pan. Then roll up, ready to serve. Or, if you prefer, pile pancakes on to a dish and pour the jam over the top.

Then just listen to your family shout for more!

Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them

Issued by the Ministry of Food, London, W.1

LAST LAUGH

W. S. (Sunderland).—"What intelligent man will continue to suffer fools gladly?" A doctor.

V. B. (Swansea).—"Has any man ever profited by the advice of a specialist?" Yes, the specialist.

Bob (Mill Hill).—"When my wife is silent I begin to wonder what has happened." Maybe she's thinking.

Poet (Hampstead).—"Would you suggest that after having forty consecutive rejections I should stop writing poems?" No, start.

G. G. (Hove).—"To be a good dancer a man must be light on his feet." And his partner's.

D. C. (Ely).—"A woman may take a second husband, but she never forgets her first." And never lets her second forget him either.

C. V. (Worthing).—"We want a new slogan at this stage of the war." Slog on?

P. P. (Lincoln).—"I ask my relatives for nothing." So you can't say they deny you anything.

W. N. (Norwich).—"An Essex man who fired a shot-gun at a strange bird found that he had knocked several feathers off a parrot that had escaped." The bird's remarks regarding flak were probably very pungent.

F. D. (Dulwich).—"Married men in this country seem to be better dressed than single men." An utterly fantastic theory is that they use their wives' clothing coupons.

F. M. (Oxford).—"My utility table collapsed." It is a sign of autumn when the leaves begin to fall.

D. K. (Dulwich).—"During a recent rail journey through an Essex agricultural district I saw acres and acres of stubble which ever way I looked." Hadn't *any* of the other passengers been able to get razor-blades?

W. M. (Yarmouth). — "The Japanese have appointed Ba Maw as puppet dictator of Burma." Watch for further news of him in the daily Press. He is bound to pop up in the cross-words.

S. M. (Hornsey).—"Women are *not* cats." The authorities seem to agree that it is useless to expect them to keep the mice down while fire-watching.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Don't you talk to me! Yer dead, I tell yer! We got yer with a machine gun through the winder of the Private Bar."

Side-Slips

The Sunday Chronicle:—". . . proclaimed this far-reaching news to the Sicilians liberated from the Fascist joke."

Oxford Mail:—"Mr. B—— said the only 'bus he could reply on was the 1.58 p.m. from C—— Cres."

Manchester Evening News:—"Rows of carrots and a large number of unions have been pulled up"

Rossendale Free Press:—"A bride a mile long connects the two halves of the city."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Christmas will soon be here—and what will it mean to you?

A time of cheer and confidence, of pleasant reunions, of quiet comfort despite the rationing?

We hope so. But we know that for some it will bring an intensification of worry and despair.

Christmas can be a bitter trial for the destitute, a fresh stab of pain for long-suffering parents.

How can that little "something extra" be provided for the children when the larder is almost empty, the grate is fireless and the rent is in arrears?

It must seem an insoluble problem to the ex-Serviceman whose wounds and ill-health prevent him from working. It is a dark anxiety for the Serviceman's wife whose allowance will not meet some unforeseen expenses brought by circumstances she cannot control.

But the problem is not beyond hope of solution.

You can provide an answer that will warm a sorrowing home with a glow of joy and gratitude—you, if you will enable JOHN BULL to help those whose need we have investigated and for whose worth we can vouch.

We ask you, therefore, to meet this special Christmas appeal by sending a donation in good time to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please mark your envelope "Christmas Appeal," and we'll gladly acknowledge your letter if you state your name and address, though anonymous donations will be no less gratefully received.

On request, too, we'll send a copy of the current week's subscriptions—from which no deduction is ever made for administrative expenses.

Make your own Christmas brighter by giving a happy Christmas to a deserving family.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 1,398

FIRST PRIZE £75 and Radio

J. S. Reid, 29, Giffnock Park Avenue, Giffnock, Glasgow, for this "Bullet":—

When War Started Fritz "For It" Differently.

£10: Mrs. F. Kerr, 2, Cowpe Drive, Walmersley. **The Great Powers—"Knitting" Or Future "Comfortless."**

£5: Mrs. E. Venables, 42, Rood End Rd., Oldbury. **Warning Note—Against "Blowing Trumpet," Siren.**

£4: J. T. Clements, 73, Kilmartin Ave., Norbury, S.W.16. **Not Being Stampeded—Churchill—He Stung Needed.**

£3: L. Roberts, 5, Curwen Cottages, Curwen, Ammanford. **Warning Note—"Whistling For" These Cottages.**

£2: Mrs. E. Griffiths, 180, Parrin Lane, Winton, Patricroft, Manchester. **To Feed The Hungry—Hasn't Delay Monty's "Blitz."**

£50 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

6 of 30s.:

W. Athol, 226, Camden Rd., N.7. **Part Of The Fortress—And Bombs, "Got Home."**

N. J. Fishlock, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey. **Turn Of The Screw—Makes Home Guard "Stay Put."**

Mrs. M. Hunt, c/o Cylinders, Fisher St., Headley-with-Box-grove, Surrey. **In Our Hearts—Hope Springing, Hoping Springs.**

M. Rice, "Bekonscot," East St., Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex. **Commando Spirit—"No Blades? Any Tweezers?"**

E. C. Townsend, 133, Lewes Rd., Newhaven, Sussex. **Stands Alone—As Dan Vanishes, Gentleman.**

Mrs. S. Walker, Mill Dam Top, Wellington Bank, Brough, Yorks. **Store Of Knowledge—But Cupboard Was Bare!**

A list of 20 winners of 10s. and 100 3-inch Prizes can be seen at these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 200 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 140

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the initial LETTERS in order D—E—F—B entered by following 6 competitors, who thus share £50: Mrs. E. Reed, Stapleford; S. Dumont, Doncaster; R. W. King, Addiscombe; L.A.C. H. Meakin, Somewhere in Britain; F. J. Rush, Warwick; F. Scarrott, Wythenshawe.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 39 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above. 2nd Runners-up Awards for 150 entrants with FIRST TWO.

£100 CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE"

Shirts off to Berlin!

An old shirt, or any other rags for that matter, if properly salvaged, may well fly to Berlin as a map or bombing chart. Or it may help to make a soldier's uniform or a sailor's blanket, or the padding for a seat in a tank. The point is—rags are wanted, urgently!

What do I do...?

I save for salvage every scrap of cloth and material that is beyond repair, and useless for patching or mending.

I save even old household cloths and dusters, remembering that oily rags are needed as well as clean ones. I keep them all (with old sacking and string) in a separate bag for the salvage collector. Or I sell them to the rag-and-bone man.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

YOUR IRON

may save his life

Victorious — and *safe*, thanks to the protective armour with which his plane is fitted. The more scrap-iron you salvage, the better protected will every airman be. Give *your* IRON to save *his* life.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining IRON 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax*

These are the characteristics which make 'ASPRO' the outstanding medicine tablet in an era of progress and activity, a time when every ounce of effort, every minute of the worker's time, is vital to freedom's cause. **'ASPRO' responds to the modern demand for QUICK ACTION—it stops pain, headaches, neuralgia, neuritis, etc.,** in a few minutes—it gives relief overnight from colds, 'flu, rheumatic pain, etc. **The scope of 'ASPRO' SERVICE seems almost unlimited.** Many are saved from lying up, helped to "carry on with the job," producing the nation's vital needs. It is important, too, that **'ASPRO' is perfectly SAFE in use.** It is manufactured in ideal conditions; the Sealtite or Sanitate wrapping protects each tablet against deterioration or contamination up to the moment you use it.

'ASPRO'

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

Prices: 3½, 6½ & 1/3½

ASPRO Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough : Bucks.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

Win a BIG CHEQUE for 4 LETTERS!

Who wants a bumper cheque for Christmas—and a delicious 4 lb. Cake as a Christmas Feast for the family? You do? Then get busy on this entertaining little 5-minute Contest and *John Bull* may well provide both Cash and Cake!

Hundreds of readers who have never before won a prize in any Contest are finding that they can score in *Laugh-Lines*. Give FOUR LETTERS only, as directed on coupon.

£50 CASH FIRST PRIZE — HUNDREDS of other AWARDS for 1st & 2nd RUNNERS-UP

XMAS CAKES with ALL CASH PRIZES

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing £100 Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. Her Smile—Indicated Stamps Sold Out!
B. On The Jury—Solomon—Sold Eleven Suits!
C. Absorbing—Auntie's Tears, Aspidistra Revived!
D. Looks Wicked—Henpeck—*Bruise* Tilting Bowler!
E. Put The Lid On It—Forgetting Foreman Down Man-hole!
F. All That's Left—Of Grandpa's Regiment, "Trumpeter"!
H. To Fill The Gap—Wireless Fiends Had Baby!
J. Sobered—Father—Thought Spaghetti Moved!
K. Gagged—Never *Operatic* Heroine's Fate!

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES ENTRY COLS. BELOW

HOW YOU CAN WIN £50

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page — or enclose with Bullets entry.

1ST							
2ND							
3RD							
4TH							

FEE 2d PER COL. is. FOR 6

I agree to Rules and enclose correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 4.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, NOV. 22.

144

OVER 200 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality; Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divisle and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullet in charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces halfrate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated Dec. 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

CHEQUES RADIO and XMAS CAKES for BULLETS
2-in-1 FIRST £50 CASH plus £25 RADIO
£10 £5 £4 £3 £2 6 @ £30 1000 MORE AWARDS
AND INCREASED OFFER OF 70 SAME 4lb XMAS CAKES

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Dec. 3.

WORLD TO COME
MAN IN CONTROL
WHEN THEY'RE FREE
BEVERIDGE'S SHIP
IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS
INCURABLE OPTIMIST
LONG ENOUGH
IN CIVVY STREET
OVERWORKED
THE CENSOR

BULLETS 1,398 RESULT appears on page 14

FOR THE DURATION
TELLS US WHY
PUZZLED THE AMERICAN
IT'S NONSENSE, BUT
THEIR HOME
HASN'T IMPROVED
GIRL ON THE BUS
NOT STOPPING
HUBBY'S HOUSEWORK
THE BAND PLAYED AND

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

AWAY FROM THE .....
PAINFUL FOR .....
IN EVERYBODY'S .....
JUST AS DAD.....
GOOD TO.....
MY OLD.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Dec. 4. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,402 Monday, NOV. 12

Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,402—or "Laugh-Lines" 144," JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

THE PORTER RIDES A CYCLE

Precision Built by ABERDALE

THE HALL-MARK OF QUALITY

Smee's

You need less fat when you use

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

End Kiddies' Coughs and Colds Quickly

Mothers of families will be glad to know one result of the National Campaign against Coughs and Colds. The need to keep everybody fit has brought an old and trusted home-made recipe into such demand that chemists now keep it made up ready for use.

It's the "Parmint" recipe, consisting of 12 different, healing, soothing medicaments, and it's really marvellous how quickly it ends that worrying cough which is the first sign of trouble. Even if the cold or cough has got quite a hold, a few doses of Parmint Syrup will soon put things right. Parmint Syrup has one great advantage. Children take it readily. They like its taste.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist to-day and keep it handy. 1/5d. the bottle, including tax.

NOTE.—If you want to make it up yourself, ask for a 1-oz. bottle of the Concentrated Parmint Double Strength (price 3/1½). It is even more economical that way.

Absent from work with SKIN TROUBLE then Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

works wonders

Germolene cools, soothes, heals—always successful. Skin sufferers will find this worth reading: "My wife, after six weeks absence from work through skin trouble had returned but her work has again affected her and we decided to give your much advertised GERMOLENE a trial, and I AM PLEASED TO SAY IT HAS WORKED WONDERS." *H.M.*, Huddersfield. Now's the time for you to get some Germolene: 1/4 and 3/3 a tin including Purchase Tax.

TRY GERMOLENE

for ECZEMA, IMPETIGO, SORES, PIMPLES, RASHES, COLD SORES, BLISTERS, INFLAMMATION and CHAFING of the SKIN, etc.

Health and happiness depend on efficient shoeing no less than on feeding and housing. So naturally it is the concern of the C.W.S. that the family of 9,000,000 Co-operators are properly—and Co-operatively—shod.

Like so many other things, C.W.S. Boots and Shoes are restricted to-day in both range and quantity. But they are still as sound value as can be obtained. And they are made by the manufacturer whose "profits" are returned to the customer as "dividend."

CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

GN 1638 P

Ah! THAT'S Stopped my HEADACHE!

Well! I'll never be without Beecham's Powders in future . . . they certainly are quick-acting and reliable in results. The Pain has entirely gone already and I feel full of energy again! And you say they are also good for Colds and Chills, Neuralgia, Nerve and Rheumatic Pains? As a general pick-me-up they are grand! No wonder they are so popular!

Prices in Great Britain (incl. Purchase Tax) Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Imagine a *Commando* afraid of me

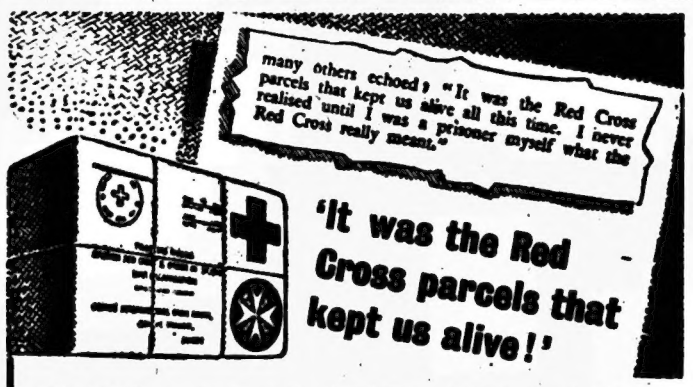
The most courageous lover turns faint-hearted when other charms are ruined by Oral Offence. Play safe! Start using Colgate Dental Cream — the toothpaste that ensures a fragrant mouth and sparkling teeth.

★

Oral Offence is the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offences — instantly!*

Play Safe! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY

The largest tube at the price, 1/1 — *Including Tax*


many others echoed: "It was the Red Cross parcels that kept us alive all this time. I never realised until I was a prisoner myself what the Red Cross really meant."

'It was the Red Cross parcels that kept us alive!'

PLEASE *GIVE AN EXTRA PENNY A WEEK TO THE RED CROSS PENNY-A-WEEK FUND*

Red Cross & St. John Fund, registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure

NAAFI, in 4 years of war, distributed to the forces in cash rebates, entertainments, and amenities over . . .

£20 MILLION

Every month thousands of Naafi cheques are posted to units according to the trade of the unit's canteen. Irrespective of profit or loss, a percentage of the cash takings in each canteen is remitted each month to the unit commander for amusements and comforts for his men. But rebate is only one of several ways in which Naafi surpluses are distributed. Sports goods are sent and thousands of newspapers are issued to the fighting men abroad; additional furniture is provided for canteens; and Naafi bears the cost of Ensa shows for the Forces. Naafi needs more men and women* for canteen duties at once. Apply now to NAAFI, Imperial Court, Kennington Lane, London, S.E.11, or to any Employment Exchange.

That's where

NAAFI

profits go

* *Not applicable to single women (or widows) born in the years 1918–1923.*

Think STEAD *use* STEAD

RAZOR BLADES

Readily taken

It is never any trouble to get them to take *Lixen*. This gentle, pleasant-tasting corrective is non-griping and so mild that it is just as suitable for Kiddies as for grown-ups. Made from senna pods *Lixen* is completely safe and non-habit-forming.

LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles 2/3, 3/11.
LIXEN LOZENGES, fruit flavoured, in bottles 1/8.
Purchase Tax included.

Made in England by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.

LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED *Laxative*

L/51 H

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